

MC-CALL'S MAGAZINE



5 Cents

July 1914



"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE."

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WHY NOT NOW?

OUR FORECAST FOR AUGUST

AUGUST is the month of hammocks and palm-leaf fans; for, with the sun burning in the heavens, even our pastimes take on a pleasant air of laziness. It is no month to offer us weighty subjects to consider, or expect or ask our interest in the big world questions. Let these go over to a brisker season, we argue—August is the month to be amused. It is with a realization of this midsummer attitude of mind that we have planned our August number. It is bright, whimsical, entertaining, from cover to cover—it asks nothing of you except to find the coolest, shadiest, most comfortable spot, and permit yourself to be entertained. Accept its invitation, and be happy!

The Little God of Love

FIRST in summer interest comes our fiction. In *Marrying Off Elinor*, Mariel Brady has given us a delightful little love story. Eleanor is a "perfect darling", as Wilhelmina, her sixteen-year-old sister, who tells the story, will assure you. She is beautiful, and clever, and not poor, but it takes Great-aunt Mehitable, who sniffs indignation, and Aunt Julia, who openly laments the maiden state of her niece, and Wilhelmina, herself—otherwise, Billy-for-short—and Dean French, who, according to Wilhelmina, "used to be a nice boy" but has reached the white-flannel-trouser stage, goes to call on girls, and has even been known to use perfume; it takes all of these, and an automobile, a doctor, and a Real Man before Eleanor is successfully married off. Let Wilhelmina the tale unfold!

Making Over Marriage

IF YOU were very young, and some one that girls of your age would consider very old had married you, to oblige his old friend, your father; and if you found it terribly lonesome looking out of the window at the gay parties of boys and girls, and almost as lonesome looking in the window at Husband bent above piles of stuffy books, what would you do with the situation? That is the question which confronts little Bessie Pendleton. *The Pretenders*, by Lilian Ducey, is the best sort of answer and a pretty love story into the bargain.

Quite in keeping with the discussion aroused by our "What Mother Wants" contest is *As I Grow Old*, the personal experience of A Woman of Sixty who had settled down to a colorless existence and accepted herself as "old", when a succession of incidents jarred her into activity again, and taught her that life for her could be richer than ever before.

An American Princess

WE are sometimes shamed at the eagerness with which American girls marry a title, and mold their lives to suit the little courts of kings. How refreshing to find an American girl to whom her rightful title of Princess is merely "such a pretty name"; who, with every royal door in Europe open to her, has never left her own quiet, luxurious life long enough to be presented at any court; and who, with her husband, divides her time between her country and that of his birth, remaining always a loyal American. In *An American Princess*, by Myra G. Reed, we are given an intimate glimpse into the life of an attractive, gifted woman who has remained unspoiled by fortune.

At Fashionable Newport

THERE are other charming stories, and a very bright article called *The Guest-Girl at Newport*, which tells us of a girl's experience at fashionable Newport, of the interiors and exteriors of some of the beautiful and exclusive homes, of the Casino, of Bailey's Beach, and other sacred institutions of this famous watering-place, which for so long has served as the summer rendezvous of America's leisure class.

The Summer Modes

The summer fashions emphasize *The Vogue of the Roman Stripe*, and *The Popularity of Combinations of Materials and Colors* in the same gowns—blouses of one color, sleeves of a contrasting color. *The Smart Vestees* receive due attention, as well as *The Long Plaited Tunics*, while embroidery in silk, cotton, and wool smartens up the season's tub dresses.



*The Eagle is a wise old bird,
And what he says is so.
His is the brand
You should demand
To make your Baby grow.*



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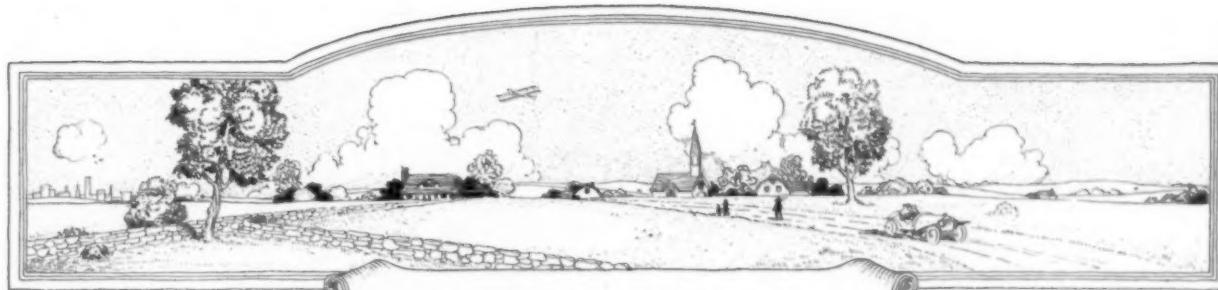
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NEW YORK



July

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1914

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES BY THE EDITOR

If you have ever innocently fired a fuse and instigated an unexpected explosion, you will have some faint conception of the Editor's present sensations, brought about by our prize contest, "What Mother Wants", announced in the April magazine.



sulted from our invitation to take out the cork.

If any of you have the idea that your mother is really the quiet, gentle, self-effacing, contented being you have supposed her to be, disabuse yourself of it at once. I know better! Like the circus giraffe of the wary farmer, "There ain't no such animal". Read a few of the thousands of letters received—you shall be given the opportunity—and you will find your conception of Mother undergoing a tremendous transformation.

YOUR mother, my dear, has as decided interests as you. With the best intentions in the world, you may have suppressed or regulated them; but beneath the surface she is as much an Individual as ever. She defers to you, either because her position is more or less dependent, and, therefore, self-assertion on her part does not seem to be fitting; or because she appreciates your love and consideration for her, and does not wish to appear ungrateful for your solicitude—never because she does not feel that she is fully entitled to order her own life at whatever age.

She wants to choose her own clothes; determine whether she shall wear pink or lavender; clean out the closets without protest when the house-cleaning



dusk and take cold if she wants to—just as you exercise the same privilege for yourself; have not only privacy of room, but privacy of thought and feeling and action that is respected; make calls at her pleasure without waiting for the family approval; and, in fact, live, and breathe, and have her being as an Individual. And, above all, she wants the right to do something for you, the joy of feeling that she is still needed, that she is a part of your life, not a worn-out wheel in the family machine,

I AM putting an immense faith in the simple eloquence of the letters we print in this issue (pages 16 and 17) and in August. I believe not one of us can read them without recognizing some small indignity for whose like we have been unconsciously responsible. Indeed, many of you may think you detect Your mother in some published letter. And you will, though her once busy fingers may never have touched pen to paper; for the smallest detail of her life has been duplicated in hundreds of our letters.

I hope and believe from the bottom of my heart that such recognition, mistaken as it probably will be, will awaken no resentment and cause no wound, but only serve to make your heart big and tender and understanding, and remind you on Independence Day that among our inalienable rights are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness", and that, "whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect safety and happiness". Emancipation for Mothers!



ON THE BOARD-WALK

By LILIAN DUCEY

Illustrated by DAVID ROBINSON

HE HAD been noticing her for days on the board-walk, the beach. What puzzled him was the fact that she was always alone. "And," as he would say to himself, "she ought not to be alone."

This day, as she moved along the board-walk with the crowd, Archibald Forbes found himself every now and then just behind her. He fell to wondering how many women had such trim little ears, or hair that circled the head like gold filigree work. And while he wondered about these things, his inner man was replete with amusement at himself and this musing. Such extremely youthful, foolish fancies he thought he had outlived years and years ago—he, Archibald Forbes, hard-working lawyer of forty, whose absorption in his work, to the exclusion of everything else, had brought him here, under doctor's orders, on the threat of brain-fag, nervous prostration, and what not, if he did not call a temporary halt.

Well, she was bewitching! Indeed, he had only to watch the eyes of those who passed her by to know that.

So he strolled on—that jaunty feather in her smart little hat guiding him whenever the crowd grew insurgent.

The ensemble was entrancing; the sun going down, the gaily-garbed and joyous pageant, the intonations of the breaking waves. This was a facet of life he had forgotten existed, and he felt much like saying with the Creator: "It is good!" Also, he was conscious of an acute desire to make the acquaintance of her who, in that merry multitude, was apparently as friendless as he. He reasoned it out whimsically. He was so absolutely and eminently proper there was really no reason why she should not know him; the most strait-laced relatives could not have objected to him.

Yet he knew that in this crowd, where chance acquaintanceships were so easily formed, it would not be she who would break any conventions—nor did he want her to. Part of her charm was the little conventional set of her nose and mouth. He was thinking about her so intently that, pivoting suddenly on his heel, he almost walked over her without noticing. She had fallen behind for a moment, and was looking toward the ocean; but now she turned her head slowly. In her eyes gathered a whimsical smile that spread to her lips.

Archibald forgot all about that little conventional set of her nose, and found himself saying respectfully, gravely:

"I beg your pardon. I've been trying not to speak to you for several days. I know I ought not to be addressing you now, but—well, I'm doing it!"

"And I"—she laughed softly—"have noticed you for several days. Ought I to turn haughtily away? You seem to expect me to do so, but—well, you see, I'm not doing it—Mr. Forbes."

She laughed softly. The next instant, however, her little air of well-bred conventionality wrapped her around again; yet she continued, with quaint candor: "It is Mr. Archibald Forbes, is it not? And we have been properly introduced before, so there has really been no reason these three days, and is not now, why you may not speak and I not answer."

The man gasped. "Do you mean to say that I've known you and for—?" It was too preposterous. He could not finish the question.

She laughed a little over his astonishment.

"I'm glad you don't remember me," she admitted. "Very glad! Because I'm here sulking." The smile in her eyes belied her words, but he recognized an earnestness beneath the lightness of her tones. "Yes, sulking! I—"

Stopping short on the verge of something she evidently would not put into words, she flushed slightly, forgetful of the intentness of his gaze. Where had he met her? How could he have forgotten it? And who was she?

She volunteered gaily, "It's no use! I resemble mother, and you've never met her."

"And so you're here sulking when you ought to be—where?" He was still scrutinizing her, trying to place her.

"When I ought to be—" She just caught herself in time. "I must be on my guard." She laughed, and her color rose with her laughter. "Almost, you trapped me. As it happens, I don't want to be connected with my real self. I've come away to forget it for a little, and it's not fair to bring court-room tactics to a beach. Because—because—"

"Because?" He questioned, also laughing. And, with each laugh, the years seemed to slip from him. "Oh, well, never mind. I'm not here to unravel any knotty legal problems or any other kind. I'll just be thankful, and let it go at that."

"And accept me as Amnette Spalding—I've rejected Father's part of the name for a time. Shall we promenade, as the rest of the world is doing?"

And so they promenaded, up and down, up and down. And the sun set; and the stars came out like myriads of twinkling eyes that took them in with comprehensive glee; and the swishing, booming ocean whispered loudly of the mysteries that only two may know.

UNDER conditions such as these a minute serves the purpose of a week, an hour, a year. The clock-ticks of time do not exist; and acquaintance dons the fabled seven-league boots. When they parted that evening, they had skipped about three years in the natural order of becoming friends.

And, at the end of a week, they felt they had known each other a lifetime, except—except for what the man was professing. Alone, on a sand-bar, under the glamour of the moon, he was saying something over and over, until at last, the girl answered.

"No," she said softly, meeting his eyes, but with the tiniest hint of withdrawal in their depths, "it is just the night, the soft warm breeze, the moon, the beach, and—us alone. Any man could imagine himself in love on a night like this."

"But I am not any man," he retorted firmly. "I am Archibald Forbes, lawyer, aged forty, a most unromantic and unsentimental man."

"That is just why," she said softly, with a whimsical air of maturity. "You don't understand. A man like you—a place like this—"

"You are wrong," he broke in earnestly. "Believe me, it takes more than a romantic setting when a man gets to be my age. Even the girl has to be a superior sort of a person."

She sighed. "You've the wrong girl with you then. And"—her voice dropped to a whisper—"I'm to marry some one else."

"What!" The hand that held hers almost demolished it.

"Yes." She let the little word admit the fact again. Then went on: "That's the reason I am down here, sulking, as I told you. Yet I have known all along that I'd have to yield in the end."

"Why?"

"First, because mother feels it is such a perfectly suitable thing, that she is securing my happiness by urging

it—dear mother! Second—but the second reason is the first, also. It is a brilliant match. It could only have happened to the daughter of a mother who was something of a wonder. Besides, nobody in her right mind would dream of hesitating before a future with such opportunities—nobody but I, as mother says. It isn't just money, you know. It is the opportunity to live in an atmosphere where the big things of the world are happening—and to be able, perhaps, to do things one's self."

The wind blew an end of the man's white four-in-hand across the girl's arm, and she caught it with her free hand. It was just a little thing to do, but the tingle of life's battery went with it.

"I'M sorry," she said quietly, seeing that he had nothing to say.

"And I love you," he answered back.

"You don't—really," she said softly, giving the tie a few little jerks for emphasis. "You think you do—but everybody looking at the ocean is saying the same thing."

"You're not!" he challenged.

"No; I'm not," she said, after a queer little pause.

She nodded. At the same time she rose. "Come," she said softly, "the tide is rising, driving us away. Take me back to my hotel. And, then, we'll say good-by. It has been a wonderful week—and—and I'll never forget it."

"Dear!" The little word burst from him.

"Why, yes," she answered bravely, but avoiding his outstretched hands, "it has been wonderful. But, you see, I am very wise"—and a tired note crept into her voice—"very worldly-wise. I know it is only the moon, and the summer, the sea, and the holiday mood."

"It is not!" he answered decisively. "And I'll prove it."

He brought that sentence of finality out as if it were a challenge. It seemed to lie between them as they walked back to the rest of the world, which, curiously enough, they did in absolute silence.

The next morning, to Forbes' surprise, he received a little note from her. She was leaving at once, she wrote, and "perhaps, by now," she added, "you will acknowledge it was the moon." It was signed: "Annette S. VanCleop!"



"OUGHT I TO TURN HAUGHTILY AWAY? YOU SEEM TO EXPECT ME TO, BUT—WELL, YOU SEE, I'M NOT DOING IT—MR. FORBES."

"I love you," he repeated with quiet persistence.

"When you get back to work, you'll forget those words are in the language," she prophesied quickly, her light tone coming back.

"Will you tell me who you really are before you go back?" he questioned grimly. "Not that I won't find out," he added with decision, "even if I have to use the city's detective force to do it."

She laughed, a little tremulously, and pretended a large fear. "You surely wouldn't do that?"

"If need be," he returned firmly; and he gripped her hand with appreciative strength. "Do you suppose that after all these years—when I have found you, at last—that I'm really going to let you go now? Will you tell me who you are?"

A sudden change crept over the girl. "Yes," she answered with all the sweet womanliness that had drawn him to her. "I'll tell you when I go. And—and I'm leaving to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Again he almost crushed her hand in his amazement.

"VanCleop!" In the still room Forbes' voice rang sharp surprise. "Cornelius VanCleop's daughter!"

He stared at the note as if he saw it through a maze. And the maze was made up of flooding onsets to memory—things that he knew, things he had gathered from the papers. The VanCleps had a villa at Newport, a country-house on Long Island, a city home. The papers had recently predicted her marriage to a titled personage in the public eye, a man really worth while for the big abilities he was constantly proving. And then he remembered being introduced to her by her father; she had come down to meet him in their car that day, and he had talked to the father for a time at the curb.

"That settles that," he said, breathing deep, as one who realizes the unattainableness of something, and so relinquishes all idea of it.

And then, once more, he stared at the note, a long, long time. Presently he took out his wallet and carefully placed it therein. After which he sat and gazed at the opposite wall with eyes that saw not.

[Continued on page 82]

LIBERTY STREET

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

Illustrated by IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

YES, it's a beautiful street," the caller said enthusiastically; "but, then, I've always lived on Liberty Street. Maybe I'm not a fair judge. I was born here, in the only house there was then! All the rest orchard and farm, my dear!" The plump face creased into humorous lines.

Mary Tuck gazed out of her new doorway, past her departing caller, up and down the beautiful street. "Oh, I like it!" she cried softly, "I like every single tree and paving-stone!"

"There, what did I tell the Women's Guild yesterday! I said you'd like our street—every newcomer does. You will join the Guild, Mrs. Tuck? But, of course, I'm coming in a body next week and take you to the meeting!"

The mental picture of this ample lady coming "in a body" was sufficiently amusing, but Mary Tuck was not amused. An odd change had crept over her delicate middle-aged face—an odd stiffening into her slender body. The friendly voice ran on in her ears:

"And our Literary Club, too—we'll want you in that. Everybody has to be 'literary' on Liberty Street! We read Shakespeare and Browning and everything worth while, and have little plays 'round at each other's houses. Your drawing-room would work in splendidly, with the sliding-doors. Oh, you've come to a busy street! We'll put you on a committee of the Friendly Society, too. Everybody has to be on a committee! I really must go. See me keeping you here at the door! Good-afternoon, Mrs. Tuck."

She was gone. Mary Tuck turned back into her room that would work in splendidly with its sliding-doors. She sank a little faintly into the nearest chair. The mention of clubs and guilds and societies had taken away her breath. For a little, she sat there seeing visions of herself and her girls living the busy, friendly life of this Liberty Street. She tried to visualize a little play being played here in this room, a room in her home.

ICAN'T," she sighed. "I'll give up and go and get Walker's supper." She could visualize Walker coming home hungry and all-absorbing. His big personality filled the whole foreground and background of her mind, as it would presently fill the whole new house. Mary Tuck, herself, had long since merged her own personality into her husband's, or allowed it to become merged. And there was great danger that her girls, as each in turn attained individuality-age, would follow in her path.

"Mums, where are you?" a fresh voice caroled, and Georgia Tuck came breezing into the hot kitchen, where her mother had already set about making the nightly biscuit, which had rarely failed Walker Tuck for twenty years. This child, Georgia, presented the paradox of being a separate little entity in a Tuck family. Georgia was the youngest Tuck daughter and but fifteen.

"Oh, Mums, you're making tea-biscuit again!"

"Of course. What do you think your father would say if I didn't?"

"But I did hope you'd turn over a new leaf in this house. You'll turn into a biscuit-machine, Mums! Every single night—I can't remember when you didn't make biscuit for supper. And I passed such 'licious-looking ones in a bakery, coming home."

"Your father does not like baker's biscuit, Georgia. Turn 'round, dear. What have you done to your hair behind?"

"Bobbed it!" gurgled the girl. "Don't I look scrumptious?" She looked very vivacious and sweet. "I've de-

cided to begin to grow up, and this is my first step. I've got to have a luscious, big black ribbon bow."

"But, Georgie, your father—"

"My father can't keep me from growing up. Mums, I just can't wait as long as the girls did to grow up; Father made them go 'round in pigtailed and short dresses till they were laughing-stocks. It doesn't matter so much if you're laughing-stocks in the country; but here—" Georgia's voice choked in her throat. "Why, Jan and I aren't going to bear it, Mums! Jan says they're calling him 'Pet' at school, already. Mums, you've got to let Jan down, anyway! I suppose I can wait, if it's a choice of twins, but Jan's too good material to use that way. It grinds a boy to be laughed at like he is now! I—I won't have it; he's my twin!"

QUITE suddenly, Mary Tuck was aware that her gay little daughter was crying. Georgia! her own impotence to comfort swept like a hot blast over her heart. How could she "let Georgia down", or tall boy Jan, until Walker decided it was time? Until that psychological moment, short trousers and dresses and despised pigtailed must go on doing their humiliating worst. She remembered very distinctly that early occasion or two when she had almost attained the deciding herself, but only almost.

Walker was dear—oh, Walker was dear! She held on to that with both hands. It was just his way. His mother and sisters had spoiled him before he came to her. And he loved the children so. Walker just meant to bring them up the way he thought was best.

"And me," the wife's thought added, with whimsical tenderness; "he's been trying to bring me up right, too. It's just that he's got into the habit of doing the bringing-up and the deciding all himself. And he's dear!" She dropped her rolling-pin and crossed the room to Georgia, whose tears by now had given place to a curious sullenness. Georgia, sullen!

"Don't look that way at me, dear!" pleaded the mother.

"I'm not looking that way at you. I'm looking at Father!" exploded Georgia. "We're, every single one of us, afraid of him; that's the whole trouble. Everybody but me—and I am! I don't dare go down to his office this minute and say 'Please let Mother let me down; or, anyway, let Jan down!' So I've got to go on wearing short dresses and Jan short pants another year because Father thinks sixteen is the age-limit. And me this tall!" Georgia stood up rigidly straight. "And Jan—Mother, do you ever look at Jan?"

Mary Tuck was looking at her tall boy now. She saw how big and broad he was, in addition to his splendid young height. She saw his dear brown face when they called him "Pet". Mary Tuck loved her three girls, but this one son of hers—the heart of her was flooded with its eager son-love. And Jan was so much like his father. They were both so dear.

"Mums, darling"—Georgia's wheedling young voice broke in upon her thoughts, and Georgia was so dear!—"come on down-town with me'n Jan—Jan'n me," she corrected herself diplomatically, "and let's get Jan some long trousers. Oh, come on, come on, Mumsie, the stores are open Saturday nights, and Father won't miss us. Then we'll come back home and surprise him!"

It would certainly surprise Father. Mary Tuck had other inward visions.

"Jan will be the happiest boy! We'll leave the dishes and go right after supper. I'll wash every dish when I

get back. You're going to, aren't you, Mums? Jan's so long in short trousers!"

A little flush had deepened in Mary Tuck's soft cheeks. Georgia had unwittingly pressed her little button of mortification. She had no money to follow out the child's scheme, even if some sudden spurt of independence should prompt her to do so. She would have to ask for money, and for twenty years Mary Tuck had shrank from doing that. It was not because she did not feel sure of getting it; it was because it touched always a sore spot in her soul.

"Set the table, will you, Georgia?" she said quietly. "That's more important than Jan's trousers, just now. When your father thinks best to 'let him down,' as you call it, it will be time enough to do it. Put on the chocolate cups, dear; we're going to have chocolate." She did not want to see Georgia's disappointed face. Georgia's disappointed voice she could not help hearing.

"I did think that after we moved into town—Mother Tuck, after we moved on to Liberty Street! What's the good of living on it, if we can't have a grain of 'liberty' to our names! Oh, I don't dare set the table; I'm afraid I'll smash something!"

It was in the middle of the night that Mary Tuck took in the full import of Georgia's impetuous little peroration, there before her as she made her biscuit. The child's speech came back to her, and the foolish little notion about moving on to Liberty Street suddenly did not seem foolish to Mary Tuck. The little vein of humor that ran savinely through her nature refused to work to-night. It was not funny; it was sober truth. They had moved, she had moved, on to Liberty Street. She would not miss the significance of it—there was significance!

"If we'd taken that house on Gore Street it would have been exactly as it's always been; but Liberty Street—" In spite of herself she smiled in the darkness; but it was not funny. She told herself she saw now that Walker had selected this house on this street by some decree of Providence. Poor Walker, if he had known!

He was so set on this place. The kitchen on Gore Street was more convenient every way. But what were kitchens to decrees of fate! In this cramped and inconvenient kitchen on Liberty Street, she—need—not—make biscuit—every night. The thought made her a little breathless; she had the sense of climbing rapidly to a great height of courage.

On Liberty Street she might put her tall boy into long trousers, to save his poor pride; might let down Georgia; might even join the Women's Guild and the Literary Club. Could it be she could climb still higher to the blessed Place of Independence, where she might feel as free as other women did, to spend money without "asking"?

The moonlight flooded the dark room suddenly, and she saw Walker's sleeping face on the pillow. It was such a dear face!

"What am I thinking!" she exclaimed to herself in a kind of horror; but, to her still greater horror, she found

that she kept on thinking. It was too late to stop. "Way into the night to the edge of day she lay in the resistless grip of this new thought.

During the next Monday morning, one of the new neighbors rang her doorbell, and Mary Tuck found herself confronted with her first test of moral strength.

"Don't let me in till I tell you—I've come begging, Mrs. Tuck! You have a perfect right to shut the door in my



"LOOK AT HIM—LOOK AT HIM, MUMS!"

ISN'T HE A DARLING? AND NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO LET ME DOWN, TOO."

face. You see, we Liberty women are sick and tired of everlastingly dusting our front rooms—half a dozen times a day in the dry season, actually. I've done it myself. So we decided to see to the sprinkling of Liberty Street ourselves, and we've found a man that will do it for us, if every housewife on the street will just sign this paper to agree to pay four dollars at the end of the summer. Four dollars' worth of nice damp comfort! In a week or two, when the autos go by and raise perfect clouds of dust, you'll thank me for coming begging, see if you don't! It isn't really begging, either—shall I put your name down? You're the only one left now to sign, and we've really got to have you!"

The face of the slender woman in the doorway presented a curious study of decision and indecision; the balance wavered delicately.

"My husband—Mr. Tuck," began the uncertain voice; but the certain voice broke in gaily. There was no wavering in the mind of the begging neighbor.

"Husbands haven't anything to do with this proposition. We've waited for them long enough; now we're going to sprinkle ourselves—I mean sprinkle the street, ourselves! We're willing to go without four dollars' worth of clothes, if necessary. Mrs. Walter Tuck—it's Mrs. Walter, isn't it? I might as well be writing your name down, while you're deciding!" laughed the gay voice.

"Mrs. W-a-l-k-e-r Tuck," corrected Mary Tuck briskly. The balance had tipped permanently to decision. The four dollars need not be paid for long months, and in long

months—her midnight communings with herself were fresh in mind, and she clung to those valiant little resolves. This four-dollar decision was but one among many more courage-wrenching ones that must follow.

"Come home as fast as you can from school to-day," she said at noon; "you twinsies, I mean." It was at dinner, and she had her four around her. Walker Tuck lunched down-town now. "Never mind about the rest of you! But Georgia and I have an important engagement with Jan down street."

"Mums! you blessed—I believe you're going to do it!"

She was going to do it. She was going to do many things. She felt like some guilty creature on the edge of some premeditated crime, but she no longer wavered.

Early in the afternoon Walker Tuck sent a note to her by a messenger boy:

Dear Mary:

I'm off to Chicago without an hour's warning. Did you ever? Can't come up and kiss you good-by—worse luck! But I'm sending you one by this boy! Please hustle some shirts and collars into my bag and send them down by him. Can't tell when I'll be back. Will write. Have groceries and things charged.

WALKER.

Her first thought was one of utter dismay at a Walker-less existence ahead. They had rarely been separated in all their twenty together-years. Then, closely followed the thought that here was the way to her Hill of Resolve made easier; she could climb, undeterred. Not yet would she have to make the explanations she dreaded and shrank from making to Walker—how could she make them when he was in Chicago? He had told her to have "groceries and things charged", and Jan's new trousers came under "groceries and things".

They were dark blue, of soft, firm cloth, and very becoming to Jan. She had always said she should cry when her "short" boy turned long, but one glance at his dear relieved and radiant face took away all regrets. Georgia was joyously ecstatic.

"Look at him—look at him, Mums! Isn't he a darling? And now you'll have to let me down, too, or I won't match. It wouldn't be any good to be a matchless twin!"

"We're going to look at misses' skirts to-morrow," Mary Tuck said quietly. "Blue serge ones—your blue serge would show a faded streak if I let down the hem."

"Oh, Mumsie, has the world come to an end—Father not even here!"

Mumsie's world had come to an end, indeed; and in this new and independent world she felt a little dizzy. It seemed a gigantic undertaking to be letting down the twins without Walker. She had still the sense of guilt, but now, with it, this dizziness of soul.

Walker Tuck's absence was prolonged from one week to two—from two to two and a half. Then, without warning, he came home. He turned into Liberty Street with a long breath of relief; the few blocks he had yet before him he took with impatient, eager strides. This getting home was the thing! A man did hate dawdling around hotel offices, and eating out of dinky little nappies in a circle round his plate. But getting home again! He strode on faster, forgetting that he was travel-worn and tired. Hungry? Well, just let him get his eye for a single moment on a plateful of Mary's tea-biscuit!

THE house bore a curiously occupied appearance, though there was nothing really to account for it at first glimpse. But even before he caught the soft chatter of women's voices, as he hung up his hat, he realized something unusual was going on. Queer—there seemed to be many women's voices. Mary never had company—hadn't had in a dog's age.

She came out into the hall suddenly, and the soft chatter came with her in a little gust of sound.

"Walker!"

Her face slowly whitened. It was as if Mary were scared. He could not understand.

[Concluded on page 55]

OLD FOURTH OF JULY

By CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN

Columbia was anxious and troubled
And almost beginning to fret,
For, though he was getting so ugly,
Old Fourth of July was a pet!

She used to be fond of the rowdy,
And thought him a beautiful joke.
She laughed at his fun and his riot,
And fed him with racket and smoke.

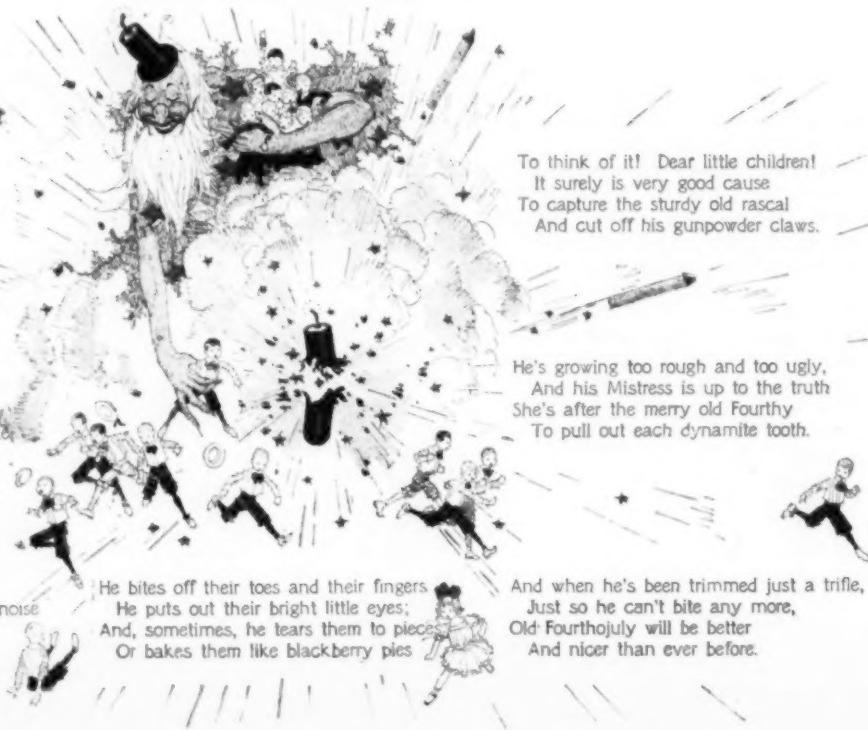
But now, when he comes, he is hungry.
And he wants something more than a noise.
He tries to get hold of the children,
And eats up the nice little boys.

To think of it! Dear little children!
It surely is very good cause
To capture the sturdy old rascal
And cut off his gunpowder claws.

He's growing too rough and too ugly,
And his Mistress is up to the truth
She's after the merry old Fourth
To pull out each dynamite tooth.

He bites off their toes and their fingers
He puts out their bright little eyes;
And, sometimes, he tears them to pieces
Or bakes them like blackberry pies.

And when he's been trimmed just a trifle,
Just so he can't bite any more,
Old Fourth of July will be better
And nicer than ever before.



MAKING BAD GIRLS GOOD

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

WHEN John Purroy Mitchell, newly-elected reform Mayor of New York City, announced his appointment of a Commissioner of Corrections, there followed a buzz of surprised comment that echoed far over the country. New York City with a woman Commissioner! In the Far West, women occasionally held official positions of equal importance, but in no city of the conservative East had such an appointment been considered. Hardly had Dr. Katharine Bement Davis reached the back-parlor of the old-fashioned house in East Twentieth Street, which she inherited as an executive domain, when there arrived a host of reporters, accompanied by photographers, all eager to see "what she looked like".

We used to have an idea that the head of a department of correction must be a person of brawn and muscle, able, if necessary, to whip those beneath him into submission. But the old ideal fled before the positive picture of the new Commissioner. The reporters and photographers found a short, plump, middle-aged woman with tiny hands and feet, and a pleasant, quiet, unassuming manner, the kind of woman who may pass unnoticed anywhere, because she looks like an every-day home body who might be mothering a restless flock of small children.

It is a pretty big job that Dr. Davis has tackled, that of Commissioner of Correction for a great metropolis. It means control of the Tombs Prison, the Raymond Street and Queens County Jails, the workhouse on Blackwell's Island, and two branch houses, and the New York City Reformatory for Male Misdemeanants. These institutions house some five to six thousand prisoners and some six hundred employees. The buildings are old, "little better than medieval," says Dr. Davis, "and most of the prisoners have been condemned according to the nature of their crime, instead of according to their needs as individuals. For instance, a thief who steals \$49.99 has committed petty larceny, and can be sentenced to one year's imprisonment, but no more; while a thief who steals \$50.01 has committed grand larceny, and may be imprisoned for five years. The thief may not have known the amount in the purse he took, but the law fails to consider that."

THE Commissioner has been in office only a few months. So it is too soon to count results. But she did not come to her great task unprepared. When a woman is chosen for such a position of responsibility in place of the usual man, it is usually because she is better equipped than any ten men who are eligible. And this small, unassuming woman has a remarkable history. For the past thirteen years she has been working steadily at the head of the New York State Reformatory at Bedford, making bad girls over into good ones. It is only within the past two, that the results of those years have brought fame both to Miss Davis and to Bedford. For making bad girls over into good is not at all a hasty process, nor one that is easily accomplished.

When the institution at Bedford was proposed, there were many who were skeptical about the possibility of such an undertaking. But persuaded by two women, Abby Hopper Gibbons and Josephine Shaw Lowell, the State

decided to experiment a little. So Bedford was begun with Miss Davis at its head. It was her first experience at that kind of task, although an excellent education at home and abroad, which she earned for herself, and four years of settlement work gave her some preparation. The girls who came to her were between sixteen and thirty—girls from the night court, girls of the streets, thieves, prostitutes, murderesses, drunkards, drug-fiends—apparently a hopeless collection. Dr. Davis did not think so. She began her work with two ideas; first, that there is some good in all of us; second, that no human being can be treated like another—every girl to her was a girl with an individuality of her own. And so she went to work. She did not preach, and she did not punish except when she had to, and then she went at the thing thoroughly. She tried to keep the girls busy and to enthuse them over their tasks. And this she did by working with them, by eating with them, by playing with them, and by living just as close as she could to every one. There is a story told by a visitor to Bedford of one incorrigible girl who had been sorely trying. Finally, she was shut away by herself, and Dr. Davis went in to see her. She found the girl sullen and unresponsive, and, after trying for some time to talk to her, the little woman, utterly discouraged, suddenly sat down upon the floor and began to cry. The girl looked at her in utter wonder.

"Say," she ejaculated harshly, "what you cryin' for?"

Dr. Davis explained that she had worked so hard with her and spent so much time with her without succeeding that she was disheartened.

"Well, get up," commanded the girl roughly. "Nobody ever cared enough about me to cry. I guess I can behave." And her mending began from that day.

Every girl at Bedford works, and every girl goes to school. But these things are common in houses of correction. What is remarkable at Bedford is that every teacher and every employee must be ready to follow Dr. Davis and work and study with the girls themselves. At parties, best gowns are worn, and the best china and silver used, and the best forms of known etiquette put into play. By a system of grading, the girls have constantly a chance to better themselves; they win greater liberty, better work, better and more private rooms, until, at last, just before "graduation" they become inmates of a small house which they run and manage themselves. After graduation comes the supreme test. It is hard on Dr. Davis that they have such an unsympathetic world to return to, a world where almost every hand is against them—would you, for instance, receive a girl from a reform school in your home? would your husband in his shop?—where employment is difficult to obtain, and the old easy ways of vice beckon to a chance for a living. But, even against these odds, the girls at Bedford repay the State for its investment. Statistics, carefully kept, show that of the first thousand girls received at Bedford, six hundred and eighty-eight were pronounced by Dr. Davis fit for graduation after an average stay of two years. Over half were thought to be fit for normal life. This may not seem a large percentage, but one must consider the number of diseased girls, the number of girls mentally defective,



who never, with any care, can be fitted to go back into the world again. Over six hundred, then, were sent back. Fifty-two of these were lost, and nothing heard of them. One hundred and fifty-four broke their "parole". But nearly four hundred remained straight and received an honorable discharge.

Making over bad girls is a strenuous occupation. So it happened that, one summer, Dr. Davis felt that she must get away for a time and rest. She chose Italy as her destination, and started with the intention of doing nothing, save relax under sunny skies, until her return. Most of us remember the horror of the Messina earthquake. Dr. Davis was resting at Syracuse when the refugees from the stricken city began pouring in. The majority of visitors, unable to bear the sight of the human torrent, wounded, frightened, scantily clothed, hungry, and destitute, quietly packed their baggage and left the city. Within a few days four thousand homeless people had arrived, and the tide was still flowing in. The hospitals were full; the institutions were full, even the churches and halls were filled with refugees, some of whom were desperately wounded, many ill, and all suffering from hunger and privation. Dr. Davis might have packed her bag and retreated with the other visitors, but, although she was worn out and trying to rest, that never occurred to her. Instead, she sorted over the luggage, made up bandages, and set out for the hospitals. There she labored, cleaning and dressing wounds, serving such food as could be obtained, doing what she could. When help arrived, she went out into the streets, leaving the hospital patients to the professional nurses who had relieved her. Being a practical person, her first thought was to secure clothing to cover the almost naked men and women who roamed aimlessly, mourning their dead, and their loss. In two days she had persuaded the Mayor to give her the municipal building, had induced a sewing-machine agency to send all its available machines, had selected able-bodied women from the street wanderers, and was directing the making of garments, paying for the work out of her own purse. The clothing thus made was the first supplied, but Miss Davis's purse was soon exhausted. She begged money from any one she could; and when this threatened to be an insufficient source of revenue, she was surprised by the receipt of a substantial sum and an official appointment from the American Red Cross. With money, great things were possible. Men refugees still roamed aimlessly, growing desperate through want of occupation, want of food, and brooding over their loss. To the Mayor again journeyed Miss Davis, and with official permission she organized these wanderers into road-gangs, secured tools and stayed with the gangs, bossing the job herself. For three months she worked steadily, and then, when the great need was past, she went home. She has in her possession two medals, one from the American, one from the Italian Red Cross, which she values as mementos of her Italian vacation.

This, then, is the small, plump, pleasant person recently appointed New York City's Commissioner of Correction. "A bit of radium", one of her friends called her, and it would seem that in forging ahead undaunted, and accomplishing that which has been deemed impossible, Dr. Davis has earned the comparison.

"What would you do," I asked her, "if you were the mother of a girl who was wayward? Suppose, for instance, that you lived in a small town, where opportunities were limited. Suppose you found that your daughter was deceiving you, that she disobeyed you, that she cultivated undesirable associates, that she went to undesirable resorts, and seemed on the verge of going to the bad?"

"Well," replied the woman who has saved hundreds of girls well on the downward path, "I should, first of all, see that my girl was occupied at some useful employment. She would have to work. If there was some outside employment that was suitable she might take that; but if in a small town there was nothing of this kind, she would have a definite share in the housework, and a definite

responsibility for certain parts of the work, and a definite compensation for it. Then I would see that she had recreation, and I would want this of two kinds.

"First, she would have a good time at home, and I would make this a part of my duty as a mother. I would have parties and evening affairs, and make her friends welcome when they came. Second, I would want to find for her, if she could not find it for herself, some outside interest to take her mind away from self-interest. There is nothing for a young girl like an interest in some one whom she is helping. She might engage in church work, or visit the hospital regularly, or the almshouse, or the orphan asylum, or, if there were none of these things, she might find some individual old lady to read to, or some child who needed taking out; and she ought to do something of this kind regularly, say once a week. Helping others is the biggest help towards forgetting one's self. Certainly, I should insist upon her obeying house rules. I would have a time for her to be in bed every night except on special occasions, and I would see that she was in bed at that time. I never thought of disobeying my mother in this respect, and neither did my sisters. We had to mind the rules of the house."

I WOULD see that every year of her life she had plenty of friends of both sexes. Many of the girls at Bedford told me that they began to do wrong by meeting boys at the corner or down the lane because their mothers would not let the boys come to the house. Mothers often think that their daughters are too young for male visitors. But at any age it is natural for young people to be together, and a boy visitor need not be regarded as more unnatural than a girl. I should want my daughter to know men all her life, not at one special time, naturally and in friendly fashion, and at her own home, where I would always be there to welcome them.

"This is about all one can tell a mother to do, to provide amusement, occupation, and companionship for her daughter under reasonable requirements. One assumes that she loves her daughter, and that is most important of all. With proper work, and recreation, and an interest in some unfortunate, and regular rules, and with love, it is the exceptional girl who goes wrong."

These suggestions are, of course, general. But the secret of keeping a girl from wrong-doing, or of keeping any one from wrong-doing, is, Miss Davis believes, to keep that person happy. That is the principle upon which she worked at Bedford.

"If the girls were happy," she says, "the rest was easy." Mothers often experience difficulty because they assume their daughters to be happy as a matter of course. Most of us believe, virtuously, that our daughters ought to be happy. Naturally, being our daughters, we regard them as specially favored in their mothers, and not one of us who thinks but that she is giving to her daughter the best possible treatment. To get a fair view of the matter, a mother must learn to look at her daughter impersonally, just as if she were a stranger, and to try to realize that, even though she is her daughter, her requirements for happiness may vary widely from those of her mother. Some girls spoil their lives when they leave home and go out to shift for themselves in strange places; some develop and gain strength. The mother who is least confident of her knowledge of her daughter, and who approaches her problem tentatively and timidly, is more likely to be a successful mother than the positive matron, who is wont to exclaim:

"Well, I guess I know my own daughter! I've lived with her enough years."

Miss Davis, who has been such a successful foster-mother to so many hundreds of girls, declares that she could go on talking about girls, good ones, and bad ones, and in-between ones, for years—there is so much to do and to leave undone for them—but that really, in the end, it all could be crowded into the one little sentence: "Treat them as individuals who have needs and desires as strong as your own."

FAIRY-TALE STATUES

THE WORK OF THE CHILDREN'S SCULPTOR

By MYRA G. REED

LITTLE MARY STANTON dragged her governess along the graveled path gleefully. She was happy because she was to have a whole day away from "art things", as she contemptuously called them. Her parents, to Mary's disgust, had done nothing since they had been in Europe but tramp unending miles through picture-

galleries and museums. But this morning, in Berlin, Mary had begged and teased, until, finally, her mother had consented that she and her governess should go off alone and spend the day in Friedrichs Park.

They had been wandering lazily through it when they came upon a little section laid out in a square, and around it at regular intervals were small statues. Mary stopped short before one of

them, "Why, I do believe this is Sleeping Beauty," she cried to the governess. "Look, she's asleep, and there are briar roses; and the dog, and that other animal, whatever it is, are both asleep.

"And look, there's Little Red Riding-Hood with the wolf. But she ought to have her big cape on."

Mary, interested and excited, ran from one to the other, to Puss-in-Boots, to Hans with his Pig, to Cinderella with her Doves; and then, even though she was twelve years old and in the seventh grade at home, she wanted to have all the old folk-tales about princes and giants and fairies that she had heard as a tiny child told to her over again.

The governess smiled at her eagerness.

"What are you smiling at?" demanded Mary quickly.

"At you; because these are 'art things'."

"Oh, but these are entirely different," said Mary loftily.

And that is the secret. These are different. These are statues for children, made by a man who loved children, and who loved



THE LITTLE SISTER WITH
THE SEVEN RAVENS



HAPPY HANS AND HIS PIG



LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

the old tales that they loved. Ignatius Taschner, one of Germany's most famous living sculptors, who, throughout all Germany, is affectionately known as the Children's Sculptor, made these fairy-tale statues.

In America, we give our children good schools, good homes, and all the other practical essentials; but, nowhere in our art world, do we recognize them, or give them their rightful share. No really great American artist, or sculptor, or writer, devotes his talents to pleasing just little children.

It remained for Germany, who, long ago, interested the world by her diligence in gathering together the old folk-tales for her little folks, to develop a man who could do the same for the children in the plastic arts. Ignatius Taschner,

who is now only forty-three years old, already has a long and successful career behind him, but it is in his work for children that he has achieved his real fame. He was only a lad when he began to sculpture, but his work even then attracted notice. He went through one of the German technical schools, and soon after fashioned a statue of Goethe, and, later, one of Schiller.

But, although these were good, they were not masterpieces. He had not discovered yet that his forte lay in work closer to nature, more imaginative, more fanciful. From then on, he did a half a dozen other things well—painted, drew, modeled—and then, by chance, started to illustrate some children's books. That was the birth of Germany's Children's Sculptor. He found he had the rich and unusual gift of still being able to appreciate the child's point of view, to sympathize with its eager uncritical perceptions. He happened upon an edition of Grimm's *Fairy*



CINDERELLA WITH THE
DOVES



PUSS-IN-BOOTS

[Concluded on page 9]



EMANCIPATION FOR

The Older Generation Issues

Illustrated by

Pink Versus Lavender

"A mother of a grown-up daughter, even a grandmother, is not necessarily an old lady. Yet fifty looks old to a daughter of thirty-two and a little boy of ten. We are in comfortable circumstances—a good home and a fair income. There is no necessity for me to earn wages and I have no desire to engage in regular employment; but, occasionally, I would like to get up a soap order, take orders for children's books just before Christmas, or get a few subscribers for some magazine, or anything that would be interesting and take me out of the quiet sameness of my everyday life. I do not feel old enough for the chimney-corner yet, and want a more varied field of activity. Although I am not always well, I am no invalid. But when I want to walk to a neighbor's, more for the walk than for the visit, they are afraid it will tire me, or that it won't look well, and urge me to wait until they can carry me with the team.

"They don't want me to work around in the yard or garden much, fearing the ground may be damp; but when it comes night and I shut my windows and go to bed, they make a point of coming in and opening them so I can have 'nice outdoor air to breathe'.

"But, now—don't laugh at me—my greatest cross is in regard to clothes. I like pink, but my daughter thinks 'an old lady looks so nice in heliotrope'.

"I crocheted me a fine white wool shawl, and I wanted a little pale pink in the border, the same as I made for her on her birthday; but no, nothing would be appropriate for me but lavender—she calls it heliotrope. I have to wear lavender bows with all my white dresses; and if there is any touch of color on any of them, it is lavender. I did buy a little bow for my throat, made of tiny rosebuds, two pink ones, two lavender ones, and three green ones, mixed in with darker green narrow ribbon. I wear it often. She smiles at it, and says it isn't bad, but thinks it is strange I like pink at my age.

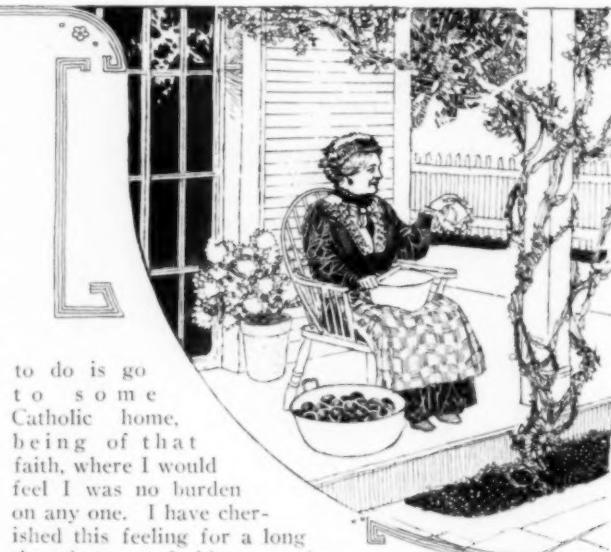
"I like to read Sunday-school books. Have been reading *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *The Girl of the Limberlost*, etc. Daughter thinks I ought to prefer more solid reading and improve my mind. I tell her I improved my mind for a good many years, having taught more than fifty terms of school; but now I am at leisure, and am enjoying some of the things I had no time for when I was younger.

"I have many things to be thankful for—a good home, a loving daughter and son-in-law, and the dearest little grandson, together with fair health. I mean to show my appreciation of these blessings by enjoying them and being happy with them. These things I have mentioned are the little thorns that are found in every path, however rosy it may be.

GRAMMIE LOU."

A Mistaken Sacrifice

"I am a widow and have four daughters and one son, who are all married except the youngest daughter, now twenty-five. She holds a very good position and provides a home for herself and me. She has been keeping company with a young man for more than six years, and would have married him long ago, only she feels she can't leave me, and knows that I don't want to live with any of my in-laws. Now, I am very unhappy, knowing that I am standing between her and happiness. What I would like



to do is go to some Catholic home, being of that faith, where I would feel I was no burden on any one. I have cherished this feeling for a long time, but am afraid to mention it to my children. My son, who is a prominent physician, would feel that he was disgraced should I do such a thing, as he is very well able to give me a home. His wife has insisted that I make my home with them, while my married daughters insist that I come to them. I don't feel this change would add to my happiness. I would still have that feeling of being dependent. They are all extremely good and kind, and take the very best care of me. I believe they think I am perfectly happy, and I pretend to be so. To be otherwise would seem ungrateful. I feel to live on as I am, causing my daughter to remain single, or to make my home with my married children, I can never be happy. On the other hand, to carry out my own wishes and go to a home, would be shifting the unhappiness and humiliation upon my children.

DISTRESSED."

No Place in the Life of Her Son

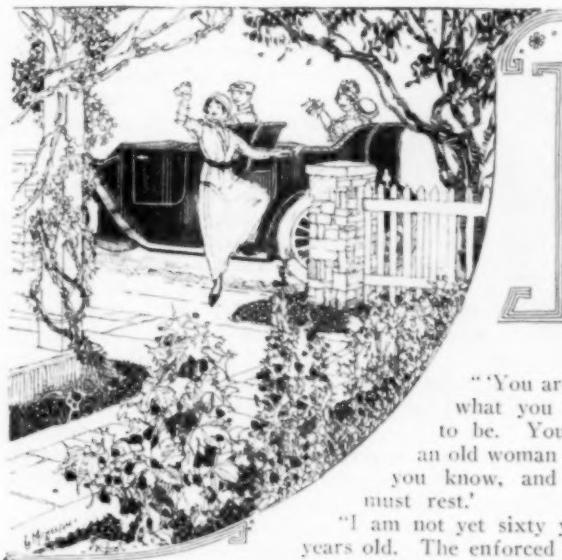
"My life has been one of hard work and many trials. I was left a penniless widow when my only child was but two years old; but by hard work, economy, and rigid self-denial, I reared and educated my boy and succeeded in paying for a home, small but comfortable.

"I was always my boy's confidant and adviser, and, as he grew to manhood, together we planned for future years of happiness. I dreamed of the time when I, no longer the bread-winner, could use my own earnings, the proceeds of eggs, poultry, butter, etc., for the books, magazines, little pleasure-trips, simple but pretty furnishings for my house, that I had always wished for but could never afford. Then, quite suddenly, after a very brief courtship, my son brought home his wife. I gave her a cordial welcome and resolved to love and treat her as an own daughter. I asked her to take the head of the table, and, though it hurt to step aside and give to another the place I had held so long, I never let her know it.

"But it proved the entering wedge. In a short time I lost my place in everything. One by one, I was relieved of all household tasks—even the most trifling, until only the care of my own room and apparel remained to me. When I objected to sitting with idle hands, and said I would rather work as I always had done, the reply was:

GROWN-UP MOTHERS

A Declaration of Independence
GUSTAV MICHELSON



"You are not what you used to be. You are an old woman now, you know, and you must rest."

"I am not yet sixty years years old. The enforced idleness has affected me in many

ways. My muscles are weakened, my blood sluggish. In twelve months I have aged five years in looks. The loss of work is not all. I am no longer my son's confidant. No plans are discussed in my presence, my opinion is never asked for, nor my likes and dislikes consulted. I am fed, clothed, cared for, but in all other ways I am like a stranger who simply boards with the family. I seem to have no place in their lives nor in anything that matters with them. I am in no way necessary to their happiness.

"What do I want? What every mother wants. A dollar that is my own. An interest in the lives of my children. Something to do for my loved ones. The knowledge that they have some need of me; that I am still of some use in the world; that I am a member of the family circle, and not an outsider.

MRS. R. E. Y."

She Got It Done

"I am going to have a hard time getting this letter typewritten, not to say just written, but I am going to do it. I don't know how just yet. That will be the fun of it—getting something done that all the rest of the family don't know about. That's the first want I will put down, I guess. Just this: that I want to do a something without Jane, and Jane's baby, and Jack and his wife, and Ellen and her doctor beau, knowing all about it.

"When I was a girl I could write poems by the page and newspaper articles by the dozen without having some one say, the minute I went to my room to be alone: 'Do you suppose mother is sick? I think we ought to send for Dr. Smith'; but that's what the family will all be saying now.

"I always did like to do fancy work and I do yet, but I don't want my children to trot out my fancy work every time a caller drops in, for the chances are that the caller will say: 'Yes, it is lovely. I don't see how old people can see to do such fine work'; and more than likely she who makes the remark will be wearing double-lens glasses.

"A woman doesn't want to be told she is old ever, ever. No, I don't want a minaret dress and purple hair; but if I did, I guess it would be all right. What do I want, and how do I want to be treated? I want to be treated



just like any other grown-up person, with politeness and consideration, but I don't want to be put on a pedestal; I don't want a group of married women with daughters as old as my own to remain standing until I am seated. It is all right for a bunch of school-girls, but it does seem stretching a point of politeness when there is such a little difference in the ages, and I am the one that feels it.

"There, that is all I want, I think, except some one to typewrite this for me. If I could rent a machine without the whole family thinking I had lost my mind, I would like to do it myself.

What Would You Do?

"What do I want? Oh, so many things, but, most of all, a little peace and quiet, in these, my latter days. To get it, when my nerves are raw and quivering and I can stand no more strife and bickering, I run away! Yes, that's just what I do. I run away!

"I have three children; the youngest daughter married; the oldest went out to the Philippines as a teacher; the youngest, a boy, refused the education we wanted him to accept, and we secured for him a splendid position in a substantial business house.

"We honestly thought, my husband and I, that we had done our duty and were entitled to some rest and ease. Little had we guessed of the future in those strenuous days in which we were 'bringing up our family'. We had just one year of comparative peace, and our plans were made for another year, when the change came.

"My married daughter was left a widow. Her income was large enough, with care, to have kept her and her four children in simple comfort; but she wanted to 'come home'. Naturally, we agreed. Our house is not large and it was soon littered from top to bottom with toys, clothes, and odds and ends. Soon after, my other girl decided that life in the Philippines did not agree with her. She 'came home'. I had one room, the parlor, clear from childish depredations; but I had to give it up to the youngest daughter, who uses it as a sleeping-room. Meanwhile, the boy, tired with the monotony of business life, had gone to South Africa. At the close of five years, he, too, 'came home', a man of twenty-five years and no visible future.

"I have practically no home. But I might put up with this deprivation, if the trio were not always bickering. Each one sees plainly the injustice of the other's occupation and freely criticizes it, although at the same time defending her own usurpation. Some days, I go off to the park and spend some peaceful hours in its wild part. Again, I go to the library and stay all day, going out to a nearby café for lunch. When I simply can bear no more without screaming, I run away! I go to a neighboring city and hire a furnished room, recommended by the Y. W. C. A. The family think I am with my aunt, and she keeps my secret. Oh, the joy of this refuge! I stay as long as I can, and go back reluctantly. Yes; I could insist that the mother move to a home of her own, and that the teacher resume her profession. But I never shall. For I can better bear with the confusion, the quarrels, the general 'upsettedness', than to pass the last few years of my life with my children alienated from me and feeling toward me a bitterness. So I know there is no change for the better if I am to bring it about.

MRS. M. J."

THE FIRST FLYLESS CITY

Dr. Jean Dawson and Her Junior Sanitary Police

By RICHARD M. WINANS

LAST spring a boy in Cleveland went into the garret to dig out his fishing-tackle. It was May, and the sun was shining. To his mind had come the luring vision of a bobbing cork in the limpid pool at the bend of a certain creek he wot of an hour's ride from town.

He was thus absorbed in pastoral dreams when something happened to him. It was an insignificant incident, very. Nevertheless, it changed his day-dream of rod and pool and nibbling fish to thought of murder—whole-sale slaughter, to be quite correct.

Sighting a long-looked-for victim, an impudent, wintered-over fly had left its hibernating haven among the rafters, and lit, with unerring accuracy and provoking abandon, squarely on the sensitive tip of the would-be angler's nose.

And, Oody, how it tickled—and roused his righteous ire. A clatter of tackle to the floor, an instant's poise, a right-hand swing, and—he missed the fly. But he connected with his nose in a sweeping side-swipe that lit up the garret with twinkling stars. Forthwith putting aside piscatorial dreams, he scampered out to the corner store, bought an up-to-date fly-swatter, and took up the more strenuous sport of hunting flies; into which he put more snap and ginger than he had ever devoted to Izaak Walton's hobby.

His cellar-to-garret hunting expedition yielded a bag of 800 flies, which he carefully preserved. Happily, he knew where there was an open market for flies.

The Anti-Fly Committee, headed by Dr. Jean Dawson, instructor in biology at the Cleveland Normal Training School, was then paying school children ten cents per hundred for dead flies. When the headquarters' doors opened next morning, he was among the first in a long line of successful fly-hunters; delivered his catch, received eighty cents in real money, smiled, and was out with a whoop and a vim for more flies.

That rod could stay in the garret—while the open season for flies was on, anyway. Who wanted to dig bait or go fishing with all these possible dimes and nickels in sight! And Master Fly-Tickled-Nose was also among those present when the season's prizes were awarded to those of the nearly 100,000 school children and 2,000 Boy Scouts who, during those several weeks, had collected the greatest number of flies in their respective districts.



DR. JEAN DAWSON

The prizes were an incentive, in addition to the ten cents per hundred paid for all flies caught by children and delivered before the close of the season on May 18, when a summing-up showed that altogether a total of about 500,000 flies had been swatted.

The killing of these wintered-over mother flies was a mentionable factor in making for a reduction of the 1913 fly population in Cleveland. The fly is amazingly prolific. Estimates vary. It is known, however, that a fly matures its first batch of eggs fourteen days following maturity, which it reaches about ten days after it itself came into the world as an egg. It may lay six batches of 120 to 150 eggs each, during the season, which begins in May or June and closes in September. The Chairman of the National Anti-Fly Committee calculates that a mother fly and her progeny will produce in one summer the astounding total of 27,201,388,132,000,000,000,000 cubic miles of them.

So you see that if the 500,000 flies that were killed in Cleveland had all lived and found filth in which to breed during the season, the additional members of the Cleveland fly family would possibly have amounted in round figures to —————; you do it. I have a lame wrist.

However, that is not the means by which Cleveland was last year made the first flyless city in the United States. No community was ever rid of flies by swatting alone. The killing of the wintered-over fly reduces by just that number the potential breeding possibilities.



A COMBINATION RESTAURANT
FOR MEN AND FLIES



BEFORE THE CLEAN-UP. TO-DAY A WHOLESOME RESTAURANT
OCCUPIES THIS SPOT

real work of the season's campaign—a clean-up of the city to abolish the breeding-places of the fly, which is filth of all sorts, such as stable-refuse, garbage, old papers, and rotting vegetables and animal matter.

The red-blooded boy is full of the spirit of the chase. He is a hunter of game. He likes to kill. Fly-killing is tame sport; but offer him an incentive in cash rewards, and he will come romping into the game with a will, and his sister will join him.

Dr. Dawson knows that the quickest and most direct way to reach the parent is through the child. Therefore,

the first move in her anti-fly crusade was to organize the children of the various Cleveland schools in troops, battalions and brigades of Junior Sanitary Police, each division covering a certain, definitely-bounded district. The offer of prizes, in addition to the fixed price per hundred, for those collecting the most flies in their district, naturally led to encouragement by the parents and a livelier interest in the movement, which resulted, at least, in ridding the house of flies.

In many of the homes where there were no children, the Junior Sanitary Police found work to do, but rarely in any where children formed a part of the family. They were always quick to feel that having flies in the house was a disgrace; that it meant uncleanliness existed somewhere nearby, so that they soon exterminated any on their own premises. They could not bear to have their yards in such a condition that their own schoolmates, in the form of the Junior Sanitary Police, had to visit them. In fact, it was no uncommon sight to see them not only raking and cleaning up their yards, but even scrubbing the walks in this newly-awakened civic responsibility that had been thrust upon them.



THIS ALLEY WAS MADE CLEAN IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS BY DR. DAWSON'S JUNIOR SANITARY POLICE

In April Dr. Dawson made a personal appeal to the children in a letter distributed by the teachers of the public schools, which it was expected the parents would also see. In fact, it had been decided that this was the best way of reaching the grown-ups. It read:

Dear Boys and Girls of Cleveland:

Do you know that much of the sickness and death in our city is unnecessary, and that we can do away with it if we all work together to get rid of filth and flies?

Will you do your share and try to get others to help you make Cleveland the First Flyless City in America?

Will you learn about flies in a little book which will be given you? Will you loan this little book to others, who do not know when flies breed and how they carry disease?

Will you get rid of every fly as fast as it comes from its place of hiding, remembering that to kill one fly in the spring, before it lays its eggs, is equal to killing millions in August and September?

Will you tell everybody to keep flies away from sick people, because the flies carry germs from the sick to the well?

Will you clean up your yard and put all dirt and rubbish into baskets, cans, or boxes, so that it can be carried away?

Will you see that the garbage is covered, so that the flies will not come near your yard to feed and breed?

If you know where there is filth and dirt, will you write a card to the Board of Health or tell the Junior Sanitary Police of your school to see that it is cleaned away?

Will you remember that flies carry filth and disease germs on their feet to food, and that clean food is just as cheap and less dangerous than food that is fly-specked? Will you tell your mother where you see flies crawling over food, so that she will not buy it?

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) JEAN DAWSON, Director.

Merely taking a bird's-eye view of the city and discovering here a neglected manure pile, there an open garbage-pan, another place a refuse-scattered yard, did not seem so terrible to the chance citizen; but when a systematic search of the whole city was made, and all the

results of that raid brought together, in picture form at least, the net result was startling. Long stretches of alleys were found in which there had been no real cleanup for years, practically since their institution. Countless successions of garbage-cans and manure-boxes had casually dropped their overflow on to the cordial ground, or lost some of their contents in the perilous process of transferring from receptacle to wagon. Small boys and grown-ups alike had used them as convenient waste-baskets in passing, until there was not an inch in them that could be called sanitary. Uncovered refuse heaps in vacant lots gained new meaning when bakeries and restaurants, with food attractive to flies, were discovered just across the street from them. Farm-yards, in the immediate vicinity of the city, piled high with manure, with cans stagnant-water filled, with odds and ends of



ONE OF THE CLEVER CARTOONS OF THE CLEVELAND FLY COMPANY



A COMMON CONDITION IN OUTLYING SECTIONS BEFORE THE JUNIOR SANITARY POLICE BEGAN THEIR WORK

decaying food neglected by the chickens, took on new significance when it was realized that some of the butter and milk eaten by the city came from just such places. In fact, somebody's neglected refuse heap five miles away began to look like a personal responsibility to every individual citizen in Cleveland.

In her anti-fly campaign of the previous year, Dr. Dawson had found that merchants, especially in the commission-house district, as well as market-men, restaurant proprietors, stable owners, etc., while not openly opposing the sanitary rules of the committee, had defaulted in cleaning

[Continued on page 50]

THE LITTLE BEAD PURSE

Words by JASMINE STONE VAN DRESSER

Music by CHRISTIAAN KRIENS, op. 86

Not too quick.

1. I picked up a purse in the street,..... All bead - ed so dain - ty and sweet,..... Said pleat Was her ker - chief, a - smell - in' so sweet,..... But neat..... Read, such and such num - ber and street,..... And her

I, if the Miss is as dain - ty as this is, To know her would sure be a there wasn't a pen - ny. I'm glad she'd not an - y. Else how could I kneel at her name it just suit - ed the purse that I'd loot - ed, "Twas "Ma - ry", and is - n't that

treat..... feet ?..... sweet ?.....

2. Fresh
3. A

a tempo.

mf A little slower.

My heart! oh, my word, how it beat—..... As I

f Slower.

went up that lit - tle quaint street,..... And there I found Ma - ry, she

pp Very slow. *f Still slow.* *Quick.*

was - n't con - tra - ry, God bless that small purse in the street,..... In the

street.....

ff Very quick.

ff Very quick.

THE PURSUIT OF PATRICIA

A SERIAL STORY

By EUNICE TIETJENS

Illustrated by DAVID ROBINSON

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—In the last chapter, while Patricia Endicott, a beautiful young American girl, in company with a Russian Countess, some of the Countess' friends, and David Harwich, a young New Yorker, who has constituted himself her interested body-guard, is witnessing

Escalade, a street carnival in Geneva, Switzerland, the latter finds himself separated from the party by a sudden pressure of the crowd, and carried off, blindfolded, by some festive rollickers, to be released only in a remote part of the town. He is much disturbed, because he has reason to believe that Patricia is being made the innocent instrument of a plot of some Russian revolutionists. Patricia is almost a double of Sophie Dogiel, once maid of honor at the Russian Court, and loved by the Grand Duke Boris, from whom she has been separated, and who is unaware of her death. David suspects this resemblance is being used by the Countess and her friends to attract the Duke to a meeting-place of the revolutionists, who have a grudge against him for a fancied betrayal; and, when he finds himself separated from the rest of the party, is in great anxiety as to what may be happening to Patricia. He goes in search of her. In the meantime, Patricia has been taken by the Countess to one of the amusement tents which line the streets. As she is watching the performance, without interest, the tent door is suddenly closed, and she is carried through an opening in the back of the tent into deserted grounds, and finally into a large, dismal house. Here she finds herself the center of an assembly of somber-looking men, apparently waiting for some one to appear. The Countess is on friendly terms with them; and Brunoff, a Russian agitator, whom Patricia had met in New York, is in control of the meeting. Indignant at the way she has been treated, and, without thinking of consequences, she tells them she knows she is being used to bring to them the Grand Duke—and announces triumphantly that he has been warned and will not come. At once, she realizes her mistake. They will not let her go, and finally she is taken by the Countess to an upper chamber and confined there. Meanwhile, Boris himself enters and confronts the assembly. They accuse him of having betrayed their organization to the police in Russia. He denies it, and proves the informer was one of themselves. But when they ask him to renew his interest in the organization, and assure him Sophie is with them, and at one with their plans, he denounces them, tells them he knows of Sophie's death, and declares them under arrest. It is just at this moment that David, seeking Patricia, arrives upon the scene.

CHAPTER XV

ALTHOUGH he could not understand the Grand Duke's speech, which was in Russian, still there was no mistaking the import of the scene—Boris was defying the revolutionists. David watched breathlessly to see what would be the result.

The Grand Duke finished speaking, and David recognized the thrill of excitement in the strange words. Then, suddenly, in a single instant, the whole scene was transformed, as a scene in a kaleidoscope is changed by the turn of a wrist.

Boris put his hand to his lips and blew a shrill pipe on a silver whistle. Before the sound had died away, Brunoff had sprung sidewise, seized the nearest candelabrum and thrown the lights on the floor. Some one did the same by the others. The tall shadows on the wall flickered desperately for a moment and then were engulfed in a deeper shadow. In an instant, save for a gleam of moonlight from the windows, the room was in darkness and filled with blinded, struggling men.

Through the door and the long French windows poured a steady stream of Boris' retainers. The air was filled with the sounds of men fighting, with guttural cries and strange oaths, and, once or twice, the sharp bark of a revolver. But, for the most part, there was no shooting, for, in the darkness, friend and foe were inextricably mingled. And above all rose the Grand Duke's voice, crisp, authoritative, giving orders in Russian.

David had watched the transformation in amazement, but with a curiously detached feeling. All this was not his fight. It was like a scene from a strange play. It had no connection with his life. He had come for one purpose, and one only—to find Patricia.

But, suddenly, when he saw that in the darkness Brunoff might escape him—Brunoff, who was the only

clue he had to Patricia—he sprang quickly forward and without further deliberation took a hand in the mêlée himself.

The candelabrum which Brunoff had seized had stood on a low stool near the door where David was standing. Before the overturned candles had sputtered out, the American had leaped at Brunoff.

"What have you done with Miss Endicott?" he cried, as they struggled in the darkness. "You killed Sophie; but you shall not kill Patricia, too!"

Brunoff did not answer. He was fighting desperately to escape from this unexpected attack. With the strength begotten of a great fear, he wrenched one arm free. He still held in his hand the heavy brass candelabrum from which he had thrown the lights, and now he brought it down heavily on Harwich's head.

David made no sound, but, suddenly, his powerful grip on the Russian relaxed, and his big body slid down into a heap on the floor.

When at last the fight was over and the lights lit once more, when the sullen prisoners had been marched away to be locked up, Boris himself took a candle and looked carefully at the wounded men left in the great hall.

When he came to David, he uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Look, Blavatski! What can this man be doing here? He wasn't in the room before the fight began, I am sure, and he cannot possibly be one of the revolutionists. I know him. He's an American."

The man whom he addressed, a military-looking man, with a black beard and a quiet air of authority, replied:

"Your Highness, it is an excellent thing for you that I found you this evening. When I first arrived at your hotel to report and found you gone, I thought to wait till your return. But a feeling that you might be in trouble, alone on *Escalade*, sent me in search of you. And your fortunate star guided me to you.

"Your Highness is too kind of heart, too willing to believe good of every one. You believed that that impostor was Sophie. And now you believe that this man is innocent. I tell you he is the worst of all, the very one for whom we are searching. For it was this man who murdered Sophie Dogiel!"

Boris' face set suddenly into a hard mask of inscrutability. "How do you know that?"

I SAW them together at a restaurant in New York," was the answer. "At first Mlle. Dogiel was with Brunoff; then he left, and this man came and accompanied her home. I drove them in my car. He went up-stairs and into her room with her. That was the last time she was seen alive. An hour later, she was found dead in her room. The police of New York suspected murder, and I gave them his description. He disappeared the next day, and had not yet been found when I left twenty-four hours later. Evidently he made good his escape."

For a long time, Boris made no answer, but stood looking down at the still face before him. Then he spoke in a clear, cold voice. "Take him up-stairs and lock him up. We will take no more chances with being kind to our enemies," he said.

A few moments later, when David came back to consciousness, he found himself in the little bedroom up-stairs, where, though he did not know it, Patricia had lain so short a time before.

A man was bending over him bathing his head with cold water, and another stood beside him watching. As soon as he could think rationally again, he recognized their military uniform. They must be the Grand Duke's men. So Boris had conquered!

The two men said something to each other in Russian.

David stirred a little. His head hurt him, and his brain throbbed uncomfortably; but he found his body under good control, and concluded that he might have been much worse off. He waved away the hand bathing his head, and sat up. After a moment, the dizziness caused by this move passed, and he could think better. He rose to his feet, a trifle unsteadily, and spoke to the men in French:

"Thank you for your kindness to me. I feel much better, now. I am quite well enough to go. And I must go as soon as possible, because I haven't done what I came here to do!"

HE started towards the door. But, now, the man who had been watching said quickly, in very poor French:

"You cannot go, neither now nor later. You are a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" cried David. "There must be some mistake. Why should I be a prisoner?"

"Because Count Blavatski says you killed Mlle. Sophie Dogiel in New York."

For a moment David thought the blow on his head must have turned his brain. "I killed Miss Dogiel!" he burst out at last. "How idiotic! This Blavatski must be mad. Who is he?"

"The commander of his Highness' troops," was the answer.

The men had gathered up the basin and towels and were now moving towards the door. Desperately, David seized one of them by the arm.

"But I must get out! I must find Miss Endicott! What have they done with her?"

"If you mean the foreign woman," answered the man curtly, "she is gone. Brunoff and the Countess have escaped and taken her with them."

CHAPTER XVI

The next morning dawned, cold and gray, over a world that seemed to David one immense vista of desolation, a vista that extended as far as his eyes could reach, desolate even to the purple, mist-draped mountains of the Jura that, stolid and unsympathetic, bounded his horizon.

He stood at the solitary window of his prison, gazing out on the distant hills with a black rage at his heart. It was not his own injury that troubled him. His head felt sore and ached a little, but he was surprised to find how little real damage the knock-out blow of the night before had done. But, for once, his great body was not relaxed, but almost painfully tense. Every muscle in him seemed individually tautened till the strain hurt him. When he passed his hand over his eyes, the muscles rippled on his forearm as though he had struck a heavy blow.

He dropped his eyes to the dead garden below him. There, erect and military, their arms gleaming in the pale dawn, stood the Grand Duke's two sentinels, who had stood thus on guard all through the night. The sight of them maddened David, and he yearned with a great yearning to seize those two black heads and crack them together, as one cracks eggs. For the hundredth time since he had been shut in this little room, he considered making an attempt to escape. Perhaps, if he hung by his hands and dropped boldly down between them, he could manage them both.

But, no; that was nonsense. He could only make his case worse by resisting. He turned impatiently from the window and took to pacing up and down the room. The nightmare round of thoughts began again. This ridiculous charge could be cleared up, of course. There was no doubt of that, but that was it. Time! He had no time! Brunoff had taken Patricia!



HE STOOD AT THE
SOLITARY WINDOW OF
HIS PRISON GAZING
OUT ON THE DISTANT
HILLS WITH A
BLACK RAGE AT HIS
HEART.

What would he do with her? What would he dare do? Before she had served her purpose, they had not been unkind to her, and had guarded her themselves. But, now that her usefulness was over for them, might they not wreak vengeance on her for the failure of their plan? Why else had they taken her with them?

Brunoff had taken her—Brunoff, with his suave manner, shifty eyes, and sensual mouth; Brunoff, whom she hated!

David flung out his arms desperately, raging in impotent anger. "If ever I lay hands on him," he cried aloud.

He took to pacing again. To be sure, the Countess had gone with them. Oddly enough, David found a little consolation in the thought. There was something admirable in the Countess, in spite of her villainies. He had an idea, some way, that Sophie and the Countess had once been friends.

With a great effort of will, he stopped in his mad pacing and pulled himself together. Slowly, he forced himself to relax, muscle by muscle, and to sink limply into a chair. The action steadied him. His thoughts grew quieter. He would wait; he would be patient. It could not be long now. Already the sun was gleaming on the sentinels in the garden, and soon it would be broad day.

One thing he had done. With much explanation and a bribe of all the money he had with him, he had persuaded the sentinel on duty before his door to dispatch

a cable for him, a cable to the New York Commissioner of Police. That was hours ago. If the man had not lied to him, he should have an answer before so very long. He had only to wait, only to wait!

But it was ten o'clock before the door of his room was opened, and he was led out and down the stairs to the great room below.

The Grand Duke was nowhere to be seen, but at the table sat the man whom the guards called Count Blavatski.

With a sudden rush of comprehension, David recognized in him the military stranger who had followed them from the restaurant that night in New York.

Now, he looked at David with a perfectly impassive face, acknowledging his presence by a slight inclination of the head. At a word from him the guard withdrew down the room, and the two men were left alone.

David stood silent, waiting for his opponent to begin.

"Mr. Harwich," the man said thoughtfully, at last, "there are several things in connection with this affair which I fail to understand—your own connection with the revolutionists, for instance. You are not a Russian, and can have no personal interest in their plans. I have thought that perhaps you were a lover of Sophie's. Yet, after her death, by your hands, I believe, I find you still with them."

"In some ways, you are a remarkable young man. It has been reported to me that you say you can explain. Before sentence is passed, I should like to hear your explanation. Proceed!"

NOw that the moment had come at last, David was almost afraid he could not use it. He felt curiously tongue-tied. When, at last, he spoke, it was as much to himself as to his questioner.

"A lover of Sophie's!" he said slowly. "Yes; that, I suppose, is what I am. A lover by proxy!"

Then his manner suddenly changed. He looked sharply at the man and asked: "What color did Mlle. Dogiel wear when you saw her with me at the restaurant?"

"Blue and green," was the answer, surprised but prompt.

"And what color did her body wear when the police answered my call an hour later?"

"Black," was the reply, slower this time—"but she might have changed it."

"She might have, but she didn't!" cried David, his words coming fast now, his eyes shining. "She didn't, because the woman in blue was not Sophie, but her double, Patricia Endicott, whom the revolutionists have taken with them now. When you stood with me outside Miss Dogiel's door, she was already lying dead beyond the thin partition."

"Miss Endicott!" exclaimed the Russian. "Then this impostor came into the story as far back as that! We had thought her some Russian whom they picked up later."

David hesitated a barely perceptible second. Then he announced quietly: "It is this 'impostor' whom I love."

With this beginning, he poured out in quick, telling sentences the whole of his connection with the mystery, and the part Patricia had played in it. When he had finished, the man nodded gravely. There was no mistaking the conviction of truth in David's words and manner.

"I am inclined to believe you," he said slowly. "Perhaps your bare word might not be sufficient, but I have here corroboration of it. Would you care to see the answer to your cablegram?"

David started angrily. "You opened it?" he exclaimed.

The man looked at him with raised eyebrows. "Certainly," he said coldly.

For an instant, David hesitated. Then he took the proffered slip and read:

Death of Sophie Dogiel not by murder, as originally supposed. Coroner's physician returned a verdict of death by heart failure.

David drew a deep breath. "Then I am free?" he asked. "You are free," was the quiet answer.

When Harwich arrived at his hotel a few moments later, a lank figure disengaged itself from a seat in the lobby and held out a cordial hand that grasped David's

firmlly. "Perkins!" cried David gladly. Then, more quietly, but with an intensity that brought a half-wistful smile to the Westerner's lips: "Have you any news of Patricia? Is she safe? What have they done with her?"

Perkins shifted his cigar in his mouth. He grew suddenly sober. "It's a mighty good thing you are here, because Miss Endicott is in danger. I watched outside the house last night while you made your dramatic entrance, and I have a pretty good idea of what happened inside.

"I saw something, too, that you couldn't have seen—that horse-faced man you told me of and the Countess come out, carrying the girl to a carriage. She made no resistance and seemed to be unconscious. They got into a carriage with her.

"I followed them. At that time of night I couldn't get a conveyance of any sort, so I had to go afoot. But I've sprinted a little in my time, so I managed to keep them in sight so long as they were in the town. But when they got on a straight country road, they showed me their heels, and I had to give up. I was some winded!"

"Perkins," said David, gripping his hand, "you're the best friend a man ever had!"

The Westerner waved a deprecatory hand. "And if I could run like a young gazelle, I'd be a still better one. However, that's not the point. They went down a road that starts in a northeasterly direction from the other side of town. It ought to fetch up somewhere in those hills over there." And he pointed to the Jura mountain-range, which follows the lake on the north side.

"What time was that?" asked David quickly.

"Between two and three A.M."

"And it's nearly eleven now! That's eight hours! When I think of what could be done to her in eight hours! What a fool I was last night!"

"Here!" said Perkins. "Buck up, old man! What are eight hours? A breath, a moment! Don't let that worry you. Get out and hustle!"

AFEW moments later David sped up the country road towards the Jura in a purring, high-power motor-car. Spread out on a suit-case in the seat beside him was a large local map to which, every now and then, he referred. He was inclined to think Perkins was right, and the fugitives had been making for the hills. They could hardly hope to hide in the little villages. It had undoubtedly taken them several hours to drive the distance; but, at the rate he was going now, it should be a question of minutes.

At one or two wayside houses he inquired, but no one had seen them pass. At last, when his patience was beginning to be exhausted, he came to a village nestling at the foot of the hills. Here he alighted at the little inn, and inquired of the stout landlady for news of Patricia.

She looked at him solemnly, and answered, in her slow, Swiss-French: "Oui, Monsieur, the blonde lady in the robe de bal was here for breakfast. She took tea. She must be English. A curious-looking man and a little dark woman were with her."

"What time was that?"

"About seven o'clock. Oh, thank you, Monsieur! It was no trouble. If Madame wants more tea, ours is good."

"Seven o'clock!" said David to himself joyously, as he clambered back into the car. "The Countess was with her, and she was all right then. If the gods are good, I may still be in time."

Just as he was about to start on again, he bethought himself of something. The landlady was watching him with round eyes, like those of her own cows. David turned to her.

"Did they stop any time after breakfast, or did they drive on at once?"

"They didn't drive on at all," was the surprising answer.

"They didn't! Are they here now?"

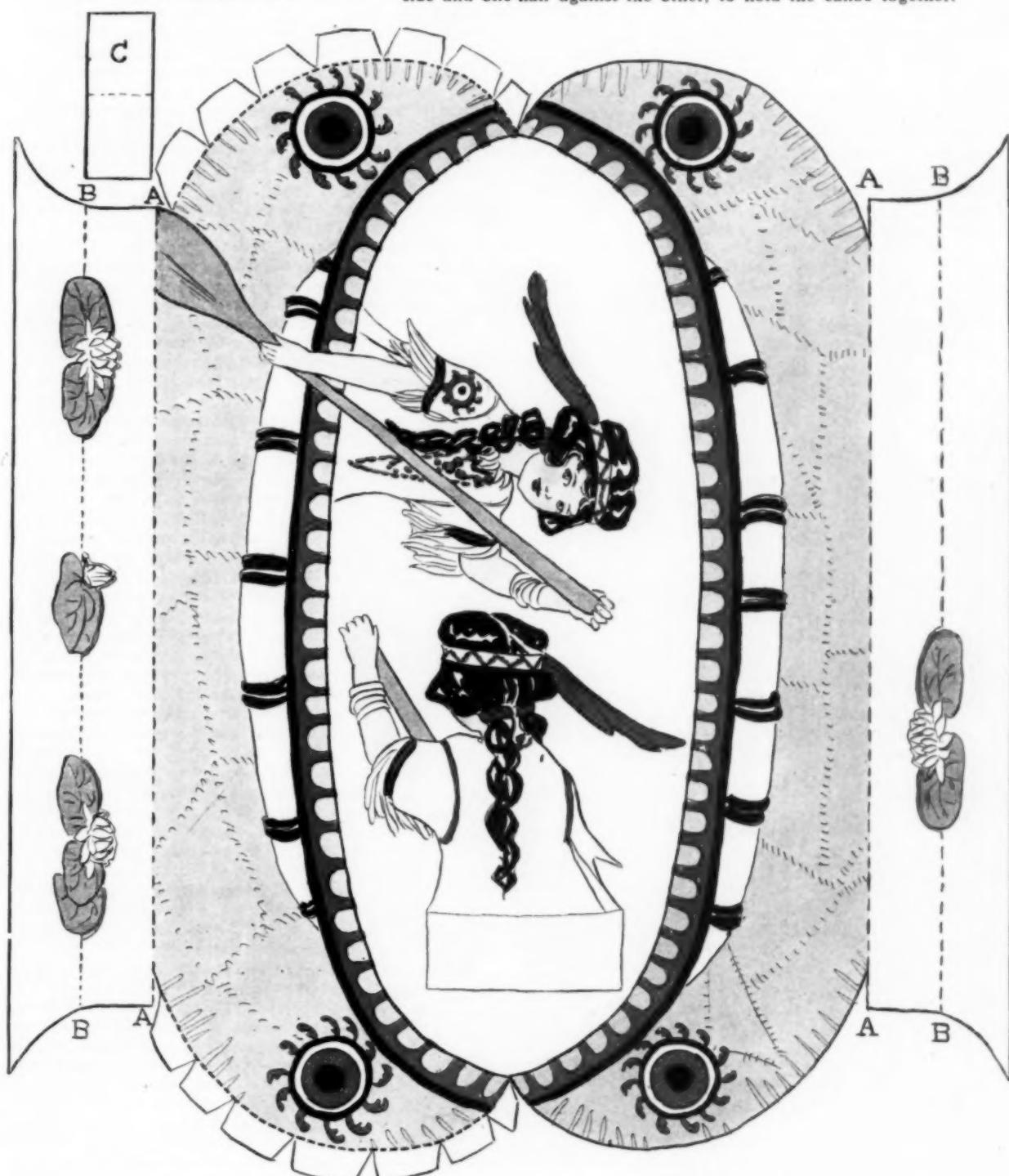
"No; they sent the carriage back to Geneva and walked up that path that leads into the hills. Oh, does Monsieur want to follow them? I didn't understand!"

[To be continued in August McCall's]



The Completed Cut-Out

DIRECTIONS.—Cut around outside of cut-out, then cut out back view of Betty. Next, cut around inner edge of canoe, except where Betty is seated, and there follow outline of her figure. Paste back view in place, beginning at head. Cut around pond-lilies above, but not below, dotted lines B-B. Fold flaps at each end of canoe away from you, and paste to inside of other half of canoe. Fold long flap across bottom of canoe up toward canoe, and crease lines AA. Fold back again on dotted lines BB (not creasing water-lilies, which will then be standing up above the base; see completed cut-out). Cut out strip C, crease at dotted line, and paste to inside of bottom of canoe, one-half against one side and one-half against the other, to hold the canoe together.



BETTY IN HER CANOE

A CUT-OUT FOR THE CHILDREN

Designed by MARGARET PECKHAM

MY HUSBAND'S FRIENDS

THE CONFESSION OF A WIFE

Illustrated by ROBERT McCAG

IT is just fifteen years ago to-day that Fred and I were married. And at one of the most unromantic of moments—while shaving—Fred remembered.

"Bless my soul!"—he rushed in to me from the bathroom—"If it isn't—Why, to be sure!—it is—"

He paused, for I happened to be trebly occupied—I was combing Isabel's, my oldest daughter's, hair; directing Tommy which suit he was to take out of the drawer, and making little ducking movements toward the baby on the bed to keep her gurgling happily. But I knew what he alluded to—trust a woman for that. There's a special calendar in her heart for this sole date.

"You're right, Fred; it is," I laughed.

At that, Tommy bobbed up out of the drawer. Anything bordering on mystery is as the breath of his nostrils to our son. "What is?" He took us both in.

"The day Father and Mother were married," I answered, with a touch of quiet sentiment, at which Tommy, the unsentimental, ducked back into the drawer with a little grunt of disgust. And his father said:

"Never mind him, Mother. Wait until I get this lather off my face, and I'll salute you properly."

But it was not until he was ready to start to business that Fred made good his word. And then, while the baby banged her rattle on her chair-table, and Isabel trilled through her scales on the piano, for an instant he took me into his arms in the hall, and said:

"As a matter of fact, my dear, there are no perfect marriages. It's an impossible state. So, you see, it's absolutely ridiculous for us to keep imagining we are—are—are—" The rest was a softly, tender laugh as, cupping my chin with his hand, he kissed me good-by.

"I'll bring you a little memento when I come home to-night," were his parting words.

Now, when a woman is thirty-eight and has been married fifteen years, a little whole-souled sentiment like this speaks straight to her heart and sets it beating. And this I know; that the kiss he left on my lips held more genuine love and affection than all those fervid ones with which we patched our differences those first two years.

YEES, those first two years! I am not the only woman who secretly sighs when she recalls them. Sometimes it is one thing and sometimes it is another which serves as a corroding influence and blots out the joy from the marriage relationship. With us, it was the fact that I began with a smug satisfaction in my own virtues and a carefully-developed tolerance for what I considered the failings of Fred. And the honeymoon was barely over when I began to re-make Fred into that perfect being I intended him to be. My narrowness was the vortex around which our troubles whirled.

Fred was thirty at the time of our marriage—just at that age when a man's circle of acquaintance is the largest. But, even aside from that, he was, and is now, a man very popular with men. Every one in our town knows him. Every man stops to speak to him.

I always knew he was a general favorite. And before our marriage I was proud of his popularity. But after we had settled down into realizing that having each other would last, and he began to bring his men friends into our evenings at home, I changed utterly. It is so hard for a woman to realize that there may be other things in the world besides herself, other companionships as stimulating and enjoyable.

And to say that I was jealous does not express all that I felt. Plainly speaking, I thought that some of Fred's

friends were beneath him. But a man's measure of a man is so different from a woman's. With me, if a man was not refined, I could not tolerate him. If he was uneducated, I would not tolerate him. Though if he had money and social position, I managed to hold in check my consuming dislike.

Fred, however, looked beneath the acquired superficialities of culture and affluence to the real man. So it will be readily understood that it was not very long before we came to cross swords frequently.

WE had been married about eight months when I took drastic measures toward terminating some of his friendships with the men I particularly disliked. I put it to Fred this way: he had no business or right to bring any one into the home who was personally distasteful to me. Being broad-minded, he agreed that was a good argument.

"But," he retorted, "turn around is fair play. That friend of yours who comes here for week-ends makes me rage. I don't dislike her, but I hate like poison to be forced to wait on her with all the airs and graces of a dancing-master."

"She has always had deference and attention accorded her," was what I put forward, though not in the least as an argument. It never occurred to me that I must meet concession with concession. I concede anything? I was too smugly pleased with myself and my virtues.

But, gradually, one after the other of Fred's friends I barred from the house. And only my own immediate social circle of men and women crossed our threshold. The home, instead of being ours, was mine, and Fred had to meet his friends at the club or elsewhere.

It was long, long, long—for unhappiness often creeps in on us insidiously—before I began to realize what little home-life we were having. And night after night, as Fred left the house directly after dinner, it never occurred to me that I had driven him from his own fireside. But it did occur to me that he was deserting me; that he did not care about me any more; that he took his pleasures outside the home.

And then what did I do?—what nine women out of every ten do, in like circumstances—sulked, created scenes, confronted him with accusations of one sort and another. And all during these months we lived the proverbial life of the cat and the dog. It was I who was the cat and created the skirmishes. As for Fred—well, it is my greatest shame, even as it is my greatest happiness, to look back and remember that he never once lost control of himself, as I did. Yet, in his quiet way, he did exactly what he wanted to do. Men are that way.

But, presently, came a time when Fate seemed to play into my hands. We were to have a little child—and oh, the joy that wrapped us round for a month or so. We forgot all our differences. But a woman at that time is a prey to every irritable emotion; and if she has not been in the habit of controlling herself, she grows to be doubly hard to live with. Fred stood me as long as mortal man could. For a time he never left my side except to go to business; and he tried always to humor me out of my bad tempers. His friends, when he did not go out to meet them, again began to come to the house. So, not profiting by my first experience, I waged the self-same war against them—and with the same result.

As before, Fred began going out every evening. But this time, imbued with my own new importance, I carried things with a high hand. Sometimes I would call up the club and tell him to come home. Whenever I knew where

he was I sent for him. No little boy tied to his mother's apron-strings had less leeway. But a day of reckoning was at hand, and it came the night I called him away from Ted Westcott, one of our neighbors, with whom he had been talking for an hour at the gate. Twice I called. And the second time Fred turned and answered quietly: "I heard you." But he made no motion to come into the house. And at the end of another fifteen minutes, I called him again—icy.

This time he called back: "Coming!"

And as he came up the garden-path, I heard him say to Ted: "I'll meet you at the Parkside for lunch to-morrow."

So cheery and controlled was his voice as he said this that I was totally unprepared for the man who a minute afterwards faced me in our bedroom, where he had switched on all the lights the moment he entered.

"Sit down," he commanded, before I had said a word. "I've a few things I want to say to you, and I guess this is as good a time as any. I've put it off too long as it is."

I looked at him in amazement, he had spoken so sternly. And again he commanded:

"Sit down, Clare. And, if you'll let me, I'll say this as kindly as possible. I'm remembering that you are not very well just now. But, just the same, for once in your life, you've got to be a reasonable human being. What do you think I am?—one of those wooden men on a stick that dance only when you pull the string, a thing without any rights or privileges? I'd a thousand times rather have talked to Ted down-stairs, but you've made those things impossible for me. And that's only a detail. The big thing is, you've killed the home feeling in me."

I MADE a quick protest, but he stopped me with a commanding wave of the hand.

"Why, my room where I boarded was more home than this. To be sure, I'm allowed to sleep and eat here, and hang up my clothes. But that's all. You are the autocrat, the queen."

"Fred!" I burst out tearfully. But tears availed me nothing now.

"I thought marriage was a partnership," he said soberly. "I think so still. But it isn't so with us. And as for love—if there isn't peace and contentment and good-fellowship and tolerance in a house, there is no love."

I was crying openly now; but he only gave me one look, then moved toward the door as he said slowly:

"Clare, I'm so disappointed the way things have turned out with us that I'd hate to have you know how I really feel toward you this moment. Not even the thought of what is coming to us is a bond."

I felt a long shiver of distress and fright go over me, as I saw that he meant to leave the room. And, after his words, in a rush of anxious wonder, I cried out:

"Fred!—what do you mean? Oh, I'm so frightened. Where—are you going?"

"Don't worry," he answered me wearily. "I'm not that kind of a man. Better go to bed now. I'll sleep in one of the guest-rooms."

Then after he had switched off the current of lights he had turned on when he entered, he added:

"When men marry, sometimes it's a woman's face only they fall in love with—or her charm. Few stop to consider what sort of a home she'll make. All they think of is the wife. The home is left to build itself on a foundation of misunderstandings and quarrels and reconciliations, with fierce little flarings-up of love, or whatever you'd call love under such circumstances. And you women would be surprised if you knew how many of us men would appreciate a home—a real home, one in which a man could feel he had a sort of divine share. And, Clare, I'm that sort of a fellow. So, until you can make me feel that this is my home, too; that I have every right in it that you have, I'm going to consider myself a guest."

I sank down on the bed too overcome for words. When a man is angry, his anger feeds the flames of yours. But a rational, carefully-worded arraignment leaves one overwhelmed. I knew intuitively that mere words would not appease Fred now.

What I went through that night matters little, since it was due to the fact that I would not be honest with

[Continued on page 77]



"I THOUGHT MARRIAGE WAS A PARTNERSHIP," HE SAID SOBERLY. "I THINK SO STILL. BUT IT ISN'T SO WITH US."

SMART BOWS FOR HOME MILLINERS

Lessons in Home Millinery—Number XVIII

By EVELYN TOBEY

A black and white photograph of a woman wearing an elaborate hat with a large, dark bow and feathers, standing next to another person. The caption below identifies her as "THE BOW WHICH PUZZLES THE AMATEUR".

But to come back to our very versatile bows, the flat, spreading type looks well on a plateau or "platter" hat (Fig. 2). It is made in four loops, each one long enough to reach from the center of the plateau, where the bow is tacked, to the edge, or about eight inches long. They lie flat and do not need to be wired. Each loop is tacked once. A little wreath or small bunch of meadow-flowers and wheat tacked on the bandeau looks well on this hat. This same kind of bow

FIG. I—THE BOW WHICH PUZZLES THE AMATEUR



FIG. 5—A BUTTERFLY
BOW FOR A SAILOR
SHAPE

FIG. 2—(ABOVE) THE PROPER BOW FOR THE PLATTER HAT

FIG. 6—OLD-FASHIONED
HAT-BAND DISPLACED
BY PUMP BOWS

FIG. 4—STOLE SASH AND VIOLET CORSAGE
BOUQUET OF COLORED RUBBER

is stylish on a sailor shape. (Fig. 6 shows the shape of hat, but not this kind of bow.) Place the knot in the center of the top, and make the loops long enough to reach over the crown and out to the edge of the brim. One corner of each loop is tacked to the edge of brim and the knot is sewed tight. The ribbon for this kind of bow ought to be stiff, and six or seven inches wide.

A black and white portrait of a woman from the chest up. She is wearing a wide-brimmed hat with a decorative band that has several bows attached to it. She is looking slightly to her left. The background is dark and indistinct.

FASHION POINTS FROM PARIS

Modes Swayed by the Coquetry of the XVIIIth Century

OUR LETTER FROM PARIS

MA CHÉRIE:—This is the season I am as busy preparing to fly northward as the proverbial bee is gathering its honey. And, my little one, let me whisper a secret—my boxes will be filled with just a few things—so few! but so beautiful! This season I am wise. I am taking enough and not too much, so that I can replenish my wardrobe next season without the haunting idea of extravagance. Is it not true the law demands that we be gowned, and is it not a crime for a woman to wear ugly garments? Therefore, when selecting one's frocks, it is well to choose wisely; so that when the bills present themselves, one is not made unhappy by being impecunious—*tant pis!*

Ah! I can hear you laugh at my frugal French soul, as you sit, regardless of cost, in the midst of the creations you call your little frocks; and yet, *prenez garde*, a time may come—and soon—when money with you will be as wisely guarded and as wisely spent as is the custom in our France!

I am sending you a sketch of a frock that costs—never mind the exact price—but it is to be worn by a great lady whose taste is phenomenal. It is a fantastic evening frock, with the skirt of tulle and brocade. The two oddly-placed flounces of pleated white tulle flare away from the panel of gold and rose-colored brocade. The bodice of tulle and brocade has sleeves frilled with tulle. Naturally, this was designed for a dance frock; for here in Paris we are still dance mad. The weekly *Thés Dansants*, at the Ritz, are tremendously smart, while the little parties formed by the younger set, who go often on Friday afternoons to Luna Park, in the Champs de Mars quartier, are none the less gay because more democratic.

IN fact, because of the love of the dance, both modistes and the *grands couturiers* are dance-inspired. In consequence, Mercury has apparently descended upon us—hats are like birds, winged and flying, full of the gay spirit of the dance; or else *cachet-peignes* of gay flowers coquettishly tilt the little flat plateau of rice straw, trimmed with roses or sweet peas, well over the eyes, giving full play to glances that reveal all the arched roguishness of the eighteenth century. One charming little Louis XVI shape, in rice straw, lifted high by a bandeau of red roses, was encircled by a sky-blue ribbon. One often sees this essentially Parisian combination of a strange pale red and sky-blue, which is becoming to a blonde or brunette.



A GREAT LADY'S TASTE IN TULLE AND BROCADE

At the last Anteul reunion, which was unusually gay—in fact, one of the loveliest days of the season—a tall, slim young American looked immensely smart in a Bretonne cape made of black silk bordered with black velvet. The capuchon which circled the shoulders was also bordered with a ribbon of black velvet. These hooded capes continue to be the rage, and are trimmed with little round bell-like buttons, or with a band of Scotch plaid placed as a lining just inside the fronts.

THE same day another young American, noted for her charm and originality, wore a flounced black gown. The somber black was threaded with a narrow stripe of sky-blue and, taking this as the note of color, her gloves, long and supple, were also in sky-blue. This original use of color is carried out in each costume by this smart *mondaine*—the gloves soft and long, always accenting the color note in the trimming. The success she has achieved proves, without a doubt, that this is the coming mode.

A strong note of interest centers in the new blouses. These are in exquisite taste and in novel and eccentric form. Their fantastic grace will surely displace the favor of the traditional blouse, with its fine pleats and its valenciennes insertion, which has served so well for travel wear and country comfort.

Blouses suited for the sands or for the real country are charming in linen stamped with colored flowers—novel and modern in design. The branches, running as on a trellis, are apparently held by spaced motifs of convolvulus or roses.

However, the whole blouse is not of the same linen. In the center of the back, for instance, suddenly appears a wide band of linen pleated crosswise. This is used in the form of a rectangle.

Many of the blouses recall the Holland shirts of the sixteenth century, with the great white collar and revers à la Franz Hals. In almost all instances the sleeves are short and full. Others are made in fine wash muslin in black, dark red, and dark blue, a type of blouse never before seen. Ah! I forgot—I must not bore my little one with too much detail. One must be beautiful—but amused; and as it amuses you—so you say—I shall write again.

Votre amié distante and dévoué,

Paris, France.



EXTREME TENDENCIES

The Return of the Basque With the Draped Bustle Overskirt is the New Type of Costume
For other views and descriptions see page 33

A TALK ABOUT YOUR SUMMER FROCK

By THE FASHION EDITOR



IF THERE is one season when pretty gowns are possible, even if the purse is slender, it is in happy summer-time. Then, with a few yards of batiste or cotton crêpe, organdy, or lawn, one can make a sweet little frock that will rejoice the heart of any woman.

A complete new outfit is not a yearly necessity; one or two little dresses will keep the wardrobe up-to-date if a wise selection is made in each instance. Therefore, from these frocks, that I consider sufficient for a woman who enjoys the social summer life, select the gown or gowns your own life requires; remembering that its fitness is determined only by its use.

Follow the plan of the well-dressed woman who, no matter what her wealth, never burdens herself with more gowns than she actually requires, wearing them while they are in style and wearing them out.

A practical investment for the summer is a cape-coat in beige (putty color) gabardine (pronounced gab-bar-deen). This should be lined with a matching silk and can be worn both day and evening. It completes a very smart costume when worn with a summer suit in which the skirt is of beige éponge, cut with a long tunic and worn with a kimono-cut coat of Delft blue éponge.

The bottom rippling lines of the coat should follow the bottom rippling line of the tunic, while the deep collar and cuffs should be of simple white hemstitched linen, so as to be easily refreshed.

The costume is not complete unless the effect is carried out in the stockings and low shoes. Stockings of silk, or lisle thread, should be in beige, and the heels and back of the high-heeled low shoes should also be in beige, preferably suède, with the toes of the shoes in black patent leather. This is the smart shoe of the season, and continues the color of the stockings—tan, gray, or white—into the shoes, leaving the vamp black. The result is becoming, giving the appearance of a very small foot.

This costume is smart for traveling, shopping, visiting, and for cool days in town, among the mountains, or by the sea. It should be worn with a blouse of white, blue, or beige linen or batiste, and with white gloves reaching well to the cuffs of the blouse. These can be of wash leather or of silk, unless greater formality is desired, when white kid is essential. To wear with this costume, a matching blue toque trimmed with upstanding blue wings is suitable for constant service.

The first necessity for summer wear still continues to be the blouse. These should be hand-made and beaded, if possible, and in white or colored organdy, handkerchief linen, or batiste, with sheer white flaring or frilled collars and long or three-quarter sleeves. These demand dainty ribbon-run underwaists, and when worn with a coat and matching skirt are proper for almost any and every occasion.



An indispensable summer frock is the white piqué coat and skirt, with the straight skirt covered to the knee by a rippling tunic. Both tunic and blouse of piqué should

button closely down the front with round white bone buttons. The long sleeves fit closely, and the blouse, although it buttons to the throat, is left unbuttoned above the line of the bust, showing the inner vest and flaring organdy collar, with its spreading wing-like points. A smart note is a piqué waistcoat, embroidered with colored wools and silk or cotton.

A practical addition to the wardrobe is a gray crash skirt, short and narrow, with a jumper-waist (overblouse style) joined to the skirt. The waist, belted with red leather, is bound with a red woolen braid, and opens over a straight wide vest braided and wool-embroidered. The simplest of linen blouses, with a flaring collar, having straight, fairly full sleeves, gathered at the wrists, so as to leave a frill below, completes this strong and serviceable morning frock, suitable in every way for hard usage.

A smart little frock of cerise batiste, draped with the new bustle effect, and having flounces at the bottom and back of skirt of the same material, appeals to me as most serviceable, as well as exquisitely becoming. The surplice waist can extend in sash-like ends, looped at the side, while the edges of this sash, of the neck, and of the elbow-length sleeves should be frilled with a narrow pleating of picot-edged white batiste. This frock is suitable for afternoon and evening, provided a shade is selected that lights up well at night, when long white kid or suède gloves should be worn.

The proper hat for this little frock is a charming and becoming Louis XVI leghorn, made of a small, flat plaque, circled with a wreath of tiny, gay flowers (daisies, roses, and forget-me-nots). Use these flowers also for the bandeau at the back, which tilts the hat well over the eyes. A black velvet ribbon crosses the top and ties in a bow under the bandeau of flowers.

This hat is smart worn with a sheer white organdy frock, which should be flounced and edged with narrow lace. The bodice should have a baby waist run and tied, at the neck and sleeves, with narrow black velvet ribbon. The round neck is fairly low; it is suitable for evening dancing; yet, when worn with this hat and a small bolero coatee in vivid-colored taffeta, it is a smart little dress for any afternoon affair. For the devotee of the dance, a pair of white kid tango slippers and a pair of high-heeled black varnished leather low shoes are sufficient, with white canvas shoes and black calf or kid walking shoes for daily wear.

A dainty little morning dress in blue-and-white plaid lawn, with circular yoke, has a straight skirt, with a fairly long tunic. Both tunic and blouse button up the back, with the latter so high at the neck as to be covered by the flaring collar.





5899-5892

5783-5843
Transfer Design No. 609

5996-5611

THE CAPE EFFECT IN COATS

The Line and Ripple of the Tunic is Duplicated in Both the Bolero and the Full Cape-Coats

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

THE CORRECT FLARE AND LINE

The Latest Models for Coats and Costumes Developed in the
New Summer Materials from McCall Patterns



5995-5947



No. 5947, LADIES' BUSTLE SKIRT (15 cents).—The popular bouffant effect is given in this skirt, whose pattern may be had in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Size twenty-six requires four and one-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material. Around hem one-piece foundation measures one yard and one-half. To make the costume as illustrated requires, in the medium size, five yards of forty-inch material for waist and overskirt, one yard and five-eighths of thirty-six-inch material for the foundation skirt, and two yards and three-fourths of twenty-two-inch bordered material for ruffle.

No. 5997, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—This pattern is cut in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires two yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material.

No. 5789, LADIES' DOUBLE TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—Especially suited to the slim figure is this skirt, whether developed in wool, éponge, ratine, linen, or piqué, for suit or dress. The pattern is cut in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Size twenty-six requires three and a half yards of forty-four-inch material. At hem the one-piece lower section is one and one-half yards in width. To develop the costume as illustrated in the medium size requires five yards and a quarter of forty-inch material, and three-quarters of a yard of eighteen-inch material for the chemisette and five-eighths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material for the collar, cuffs, and revers facing.

No. 5899, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—The smart feature of this coat and of the costume is the flare of the circular ruffle, which duplicates the line and flare of the tunic on the skirt. This jacket may be made with the raglan sleeve or in one with the body of the jacket. The flounce is also a matter of choice. The jacket with short, loose-fitting back is equally smart in its style as the jacket with the flounce. The pattern is cut in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires two and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material. The other development, shown in small view, and especially good for many wash fabrics, or closely-woven cloths, requires two yards of forty-four-inch material.

No. 5995, LADIES' BASQUE WAIST (15 cents).—The long-forgotten dart and seam again appear in this waist. The costume, with a little less sash and a little more bustle, would make this frock, with fitted basque and polonaise, the same as those worn by our mothers in 1880, and thereabouts. The pattern for this waist may be had in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires three yards and a half of thirty-six-inch material, if one fabric is used.

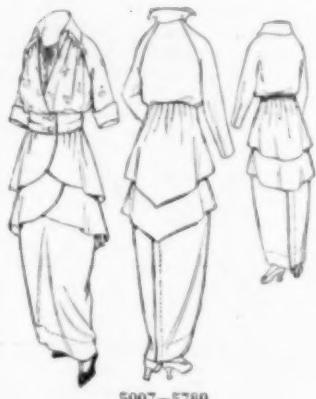
No. 5892, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—This pattern may be obtained in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Size twenty-six requires for the skirt, having a one-piece pepplum, three yards and three-quarters of thirty-six-inch material. One-piece lower section's width is one yard and three-eighths. The costume, as illustrated, requires five yards and three-quarters of forty-inch goods without nap for medium size.

No. 5783, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The pattern for this surplice waist may be obtained in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires three yards and one-eighth of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5843, LADIES' SKIRT WITH ONE-PIECE TUNIC (15 cents).—The pattern for this skirt is cut in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Size twenty-six requires four yards and one-half of thirty-six-inch material. At lower edge the width of the one-piece lower skirt section is one yard and one-half. To develop the costume, as illustrated in medium size, requires four yards and a half of forty-inch material, with two yards and three-quarters of lace flouncing for the tunic, and two yards and one-fourth of lace for the neck and sleeves. Transfer Design No. 609 (10 cents) is used for the embroidery on the waist and tunic.

No. 5996, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE COAT (15 cents).—The pattern is obtainable in three sizes, small, medium, and large. Any size requires two yards and five-eighths of fifty-four-inch material, with one and three-fourth yards of thirty-inch striped material for the collar and cuffs.

No. 5611, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—This serviceable skirt, developed here in white serge, is excellent in linen, piqué, or taffeta. Made of white serge or piqué, and worn with loose blouses of colored linen, this is a costume for outdoor sports. Made of charmeuse or taffeta, and worn with a smart little bright-colored coatee, in a brilliant color, it is suitable for more dressy occasions. The pattern cuts in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Size twenty-six requires two and five-eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material. The width of the skirt at the bottom of hem is one yard and three-eighths.



5997-5789



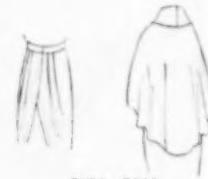
5783-5843



5899-5892



5996-5611



5996-5611

FROCKS FOR NOON AND AFTERNOON

No. 5981, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Allover lace and blue taffeta collar and double cuffs make this waist a fitting exponent of a charming costume for afternoon teas and simple evening affairs. The pattern for this model may be obtained in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires two yards of thirty-six-inch material for the waist, with short sleeves.

No. 5983, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—This pattern is obtainable in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two waist. To make the costume as illustrated in size thirty-six requires one yard and seven-eighths of thirty-six-inch lace for the waist, two yards and five-eighths of forty-inch fabric for the upper skirt and trimmings, and two yards and five-eighths of twenty-four-inch flouncing for the lower portion of skirt. At the lower edge the skirt measures two yards and one-half with a straight flounce and one-quarter less with a circular flounce.

No. 5977, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern may be bought in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. For the costume, as illustrated in size thirty-six, four yards and one-fourth of forty-inch fabric are required for dress, and three-eighths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material for collar and cuffs. At the lower edge the width of the skirt measures one yard and three-fourths.

No. 5975, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—This waist, combined with a stylish skirt, results in a frock which may be used for either morning or afternoon wear. The waist pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires two yards and one-fourth of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5979, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The model gives a suggestion for effectively adding a touch of life to a waist of solid color. This pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires for the waist two yards and five-eighths of thirty-six-inch material.

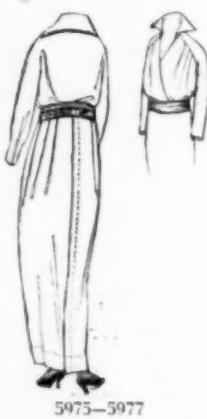
No. 5987, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. For the costume, as illustrated in size thirty-six, two yards and one-fourth of forty-two-inch material are needed for lower skirt, sash, collar and cuffs, and four yards of forty-inch material for waist and tunic. The width of this one-piece lower skirt section at the bottom is one yard and one-half.

No. 5985, LADIES' DRESS WITH TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Sloping shoulders, short raglan sleeves, and pocket skirt make this frock smart. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Thirty-six requires four yards and three-eighths of forty-inch material. At the hem the width of the skirt measures quite one yard and five-eighths.



5985

5985



5975-5977



5981-5983



5979-5987



5981—5983

5975—5977

5979—5987

McCall Patterns

THE THREE SMART SILHOUETTES

The Latest Models and Combinations of Fabrics in Favor with the Well-Dressed Woman

For other views and descriptions see opposite page



McCall Patterns

SERVICEABLE GOWNS FOR SUMMER WEAR

Striped Summer Silk, Foulard with Organdy, and Handkerchief Linen Develop These Models

For other views and descriptions see page 38



MARKED FEATURES ON SMART FROCKS

Cotton Crêpe and Éponge, Taffeta and Batiste, and Striped and Plain Linen Smartly Combined

For other views and descriptions see page 38

NEW FEATURES FOR THE COSTUME

The Waistcoat-Blouse, the Latest Collars, Varied Tunic Effects, and the Smart Dutch Skirt Developed from McCall Patterns

VARIETY is the first note of the smartest frocks, and how this variety is attained is the essence of the new features of the up-to-date costume. No longer is it permitted to cut all gowns, more or less alike, varying the trimming. Now the trimming, whether braid or embroidery, is so slight as to be only an accent in which the color, or colors, are the main feature demanding to be wisely used, while the flare, drape and line is the mark of fashion. For instance, the many models show a variety of lines, and many short tunics, all suitable to the woman of sufficient height, while for the full-hipped woman the long, straight Dutch tunic and the low-placed tunic-flounce are distinctly becoming.

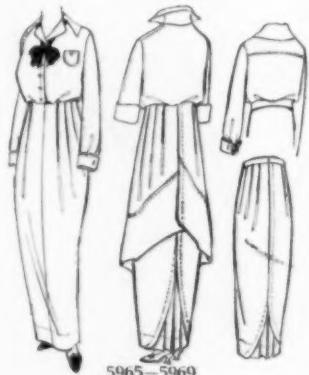
No. 5761 LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Cut in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires three yards and one-eighth of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5063—LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Cut in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. To make costume in size thirty-six, as illustrated, requires four yards and one-fourth of thirty-six-inch material. Five-eighths of a yard of eighteen-inch material for chemisette. The width of skirt at lower edge is one yard and three-quarters.

No. 5065, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—An effective and simple waist, which is cut in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six requires two yards of forty-four-inch material for the waist with short sleeves.

No. 5069—LADIES' ONE- OR TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Cut in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Size twenty-six requires for the one-piece skirt four yards of thirty-six-inch material. The skirt's width at hem is one yard and five-eighths.

No. 5067, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Cut in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires two yards of forty-four-inch material for the waist with long sleeves. Transfer Design No. 458 (10 cents), for front of waist.



No. 5971, LADIES' SKIRT WITH TUNIC (15 cents).—Cut in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. The costume, as illustrated, requires in size thirty-six three yards and three-quarters of thirty-six-inch material for waist and tunic, and one yard and three-eighths for lower skirt. The skirt's width is two yards and one-eighth. Transfer Design No. 597 (10 cents).

No. 6004, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Smart and novel is this waistcoat-blouse. Cut in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires two yards and three-fourths forty-four-inch goods.

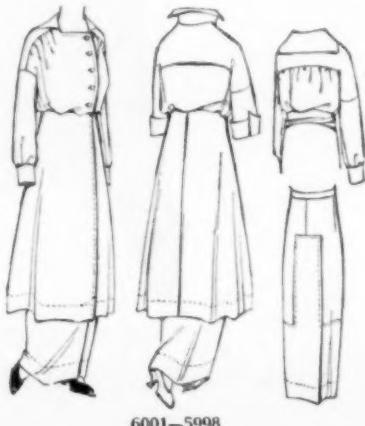
No. 6005, LADIES' PANNIER SKIRT (15 cents).—Cut in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. The costume, as illustrated in size thirty-six, requires three yards and one-eighth forty-inch goods for lower skirt and trimming, and three yards and one-half for waist and tunic. The skirt's width at hem is one yard and one-half.

No. 6006, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Beaded seams and the latest open, turnover collar, give distinction to this waist. Cut in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires two yards and three-eighths of thirty-six-inch material for the waist with band-collar.

No. 6003, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Cut in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. Size twenty-six requires three yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material. The width of the one-piece lower section is one yard and one-half.

No. 6001, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Cut in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. With the short sleeve, size thirty-six requires two yards and one-fourth of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5998, LADIES' SKIRT WITH TUNIC (15 cents).—Cut in six sizes, twenty-two to thirty-two waist. The costume, as illustrated in size thirty-six, requires three yards and three-fourths of forty-inch material for waist and tunic, and one yard and five-eighths of thirty-six-inch material for the two-piece lower skirt, whose width is full one yard and five-eighths.





FOR THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

NO. 5989, LADIES' DRESS WITH ONE-PIECE BUSTLE SKIRT (15 cents).—Two views are given of this striking model. One shows the development in tan linen with trimmings of Roman-striped fabric. The second view is made in black taffeta with the back of the bodice rounded and worn outside the skirt. A pleated collar of creamy lace gives a touch of dainty distinction to this costume.

In both cases a sash is placed around the waist in a manner evolved from the fishwife's apron of 1880, and tied in a bow at the back. The graceful skirt is slightly lifted into a bustle back, allowing the ruffles of a dainty underskirt to show. The skirt may be made with a high or regulation waist-line and round or shorter length. The pattern may be obtained in five sizes, thirty-two to forty bust. Size thirty-six will require for either view four yards and three-quarters of forty-four-inch material for the dress and three yards and one-half of twelve-inch ribbon for the sash. The skirt's width at the lower edge of the hem is one yard and five-eighths.



No. 5931, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Foulard is used to fashion this waist, whose graceful feature is the sash ends, which are attached to the waist at the line of the yoke, forming both sash and the lower part of the waist. This is a model which may be charmingly developed in washable materials such as voile or crêpe. The pattern is cut in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires two yards and five-eighths of thirty-six-inch material, or two yards and one-half of material forty-four inches in width.

No. 5881, LADIES' DOUBLE-PANNIER SKIRT (15 cents).—The graceful pannier skirt is especially adaptable to crêpes and voiles in Futurist or quaint old-time designs. The pattern cuts in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Size twenty-six requires three yards and one-half of thirty-six-inch material if made with a front panel. To make the costume, as illustrated in the medium size, requires six yards and one-eighth of thirty-six-inch material. The width of this one-piece lower section of the skirt is one yard and one-half at the bottom.



GOWNS FOR THE MATRON

A Judicious Selection of Four Diverse Gowns Developed
Expediently by Means of McCall Patterns

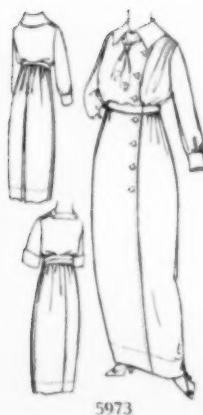


NO 5973, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS (15 cents).—A house gown whose style is accentuated by its suitability is illustrated. The always practical and attractive gingham in large checks is used for developing the frock, while plain gingham is used for the cuffs and wide belt, as well as the stitched bands around the neck and down the front. Galatea and percale are two other materials suitable for a dress of this character. This same model, with pockets omitted, is charming both in voile or batiste, and is cut on such excellent lines that it can be used appropriately for many occasions, provided suitable material is used in its development. The pattern may be had in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six requires for the dress, with short sleeves and square neck, four yards and one-half of thirty-six-inch material, and for the trimming one yard and three-eighths of thirty-six-inch material. With habit back, around the lower edge of the hem of the four-gored skirt it measures one yard and three-quarters in width.

No. 5037, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—This is a model which will be appreciated by the woman of mature years who wishes a gown whose cut is conservative and style irreproachable. Brown taffeta is the fabric used to develop this waist, with collar and cuffs of creamy taffeta. The waist pattern is obtainable in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size forty-two requires two yards and one-half of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5838, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Double circular ruffles give this skirt a double-tunic effect. The pattern is obtainable in five sizes, twenty-two to thirty waist. Size thirty requires four yards and one-fourth of thirty-six-inch material. For the costume as illustrated, in size forty-two, six yards and one-eighth are required of thirty-six-inch fabric. The skirt's width at hem is one yard and three-quarters.

No. 5823, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The use of hand-embroidery to embellish a frock is a demand of the season. Taffeta and silk frocks, as well as linen and cotton, are given a distinguishing touch by this means. Transfer Design No. 260 is used on this waist in the development of the dress illustrated. The pattern is cut in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size forty-two requires two yards and seven-eighths of thirty-six-inch material, for waist alone.



No. 5705, LADIES' SKIRT WITH TUNIC (15 cents).—The cut of this smart skirt is new and yet not extreme. The embroidery of Transfer Design No. 260 around the tunic continues the embroidery which appears on the waist. The pattern cuts in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two waist. For the costume, size forty-two, four and seven-eighths yards are required of forty-four-inch material, and one-half of a yard of eighteen-inch lace for the yoke and collar. Around the lower edge the one-piece lower section of the skirt measures one yard and five-eighths.

No. 5799, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—No gown is more necessary to the expeditious woman, who desires always to be presentable, than the quickly adjusted one-piece dress. The model is suitable especially to the stout woman. As illustrated, it is developed in voile; however, wide-ribbed piqué, heavy, loosely-woven crash, gingham and ratine are also suitable for its development, especially for morning wear. For more dressy occasions, surah, pongee, foulard, crêpe and serge are all good in accord with the service required. The pattern is cut in eight sizes, thirty-two to forty-six. Size forty-four takes eight yards of material thirty-six inches wide. Around the lower edge the three-piece skirt measures one and three-fourths yards in width.





FOR THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE

Well-placed Tunics on a Simple, Well-hung Skirt Give Slim Lines to the Full Figure

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

FOR THE CHILD OF THE HOUSE

The Season's Fabrics and Fashion Features Combined for
the Child According to McCall Patterns



5984



5992

No. 5984, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—A practical playtime frock of fine checked gingham, with becoming fullness at the line of the yoke in front and back. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from four to twelve years. Size six requires two yards and three-eighths of thirty-six-inch material for the dress, as illustrated.

No. 5992, GIRL'S COAT (15 cents).—Flaring flounces on ladies' coats become rippling skirts on girls' coats. While the model is shown in checked novelty cloth in black and white, with white collars and cuffs, either serge or taffeta may be used. The pattern cuts in six sizes, four to fourteen years. Size eight requires two yards and one-half of material forty-four inches wide to make the coat with belt.

No. 5706, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—This striking model shows to advantage in flower-strewn crépe. The pattern may be had in five sizes, four to twelve years. Size eight requires three yards and three-fourths of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5560, BOY'S SHIRT BLOUSE (10 cents).—This blouse may be worn for playing or for church, according to the materials used in the making. The pattern cuts in six sizes, four to fourteen years. Size eight requires two yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5990, BOYS' KNEE TROUSERS (10 cents).—Khaki corduroy and serge are serviceable materials to develop this pattern, which is obtainable in eight sizes, two to fourteen years. Size eight requires one yard of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5991, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—A smart color contrast is gained in this dress of coarse white linen, with collar, cuffs, belt, and lower tunic of tan linen. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four. In size thirty-six four yards are required for waist, upper and lower skirt section, and one yard and five-eighths for middle flounce, collar, and cuffs, in forty-inch material. At the bottom of the hem the one-piece lower section measures one yard and one-half.

No. 5994, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Striped gingham is combined in a striking manner with tan chambray to make a frock whose chic style is unquestionable. The pattern may be had in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires, if made as illustrated, two yards and one-half of forty-four-inch fabric for waist and tunic, and one yard and one-half, of material the same width, for skirt sections, vest and collar. At the lower edge of the one-piece lower skirt section the width is one yard and three-eighths. See page 43.



5706

5990

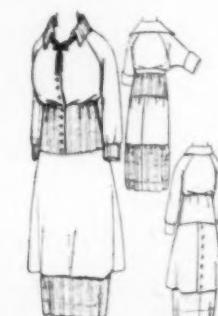
5560-5990



5560



5706



5994



5992



5984



5991



UP-TO-DATE COLLARS AND TUNICS



5605-6007

NO. 5605. LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—For dashing style this model in charmeuse and voile is unexcelled. The pattern is obtainable in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. The waist, of one fabric in size thirty-six, requires four yards of thirty-six-inch material, and for collar and cuffs one-half yard of same width fabric.

No. 6007, LADIES' SKIRT WITH TUNIC (15 cents).—The pattern cuts in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty waist. To make the costume, as illustrated in the medium size, one yard and seven-eighths of forty-four-inch material are required for sleeves, collar and lower skirt, and four yards and one-half of forty-inch fabric for tunic and waist section. Around the hem the width of the one-piece lower section measures one yard and one-half.

No. 5085, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Almost tailored is this one-piece dress, which cuts in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six takes four yards and one-half of thirty-six-inch fabric. The two-piece skirt's width is one yard and five-eighths.

[For descriptions of Nos. 5991 and 5994 see opposite page]



5985

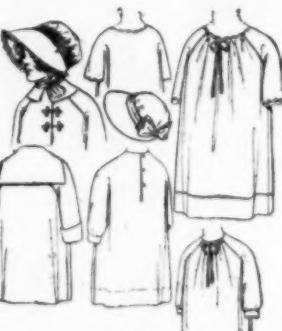
SUMMER FROCKS FOR LITTLE FOLK

For the Young and Growing Family These Models Developed
from McCall Patterns are Eminently Practical

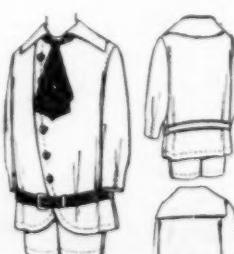
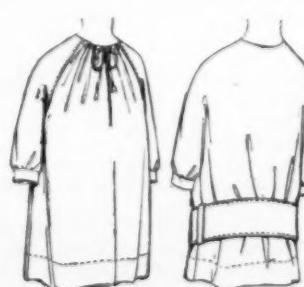
NO. 5884, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Batiste embroidery flouncing develops this model into a charming best frock for the small girl. The pattern cuts in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size eight requires two yards and one-eighth of fifteen-inch flouncing for lower skirt and sleeve, one yard and five-eighths of seven-inch embroidery for the upper skirt, and one yard and one-eighth of forty-inch batiste for the waist. Two yards and five-eighths of thirty-six-inch material will make the little frock in the small illustration.



6000 Transfer Design No. 323



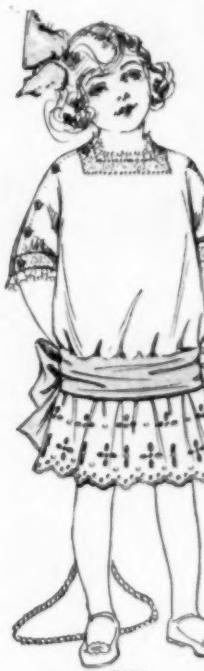
NO. 5986, GIRL'S DRESS WITH SHIELD (15 cents).—Chambray, gingham, éponge, linen and poplin are suitable fabrics for this clever little frock. The pattern cuts in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size eight requires four yards and one-eighth of material twenty-seven inches wide, to make the dress with the becoming double skirt, as illustrated.



No. 5964, CHILD'S SET (15 cents).—Coat, bonnet and dress constitute this pattern, which cuts in four sizes, six months to three years. Size two requires for coat two yards, for bonnet one-half of twenty-seven-inch material, and for dress one yard and one-half of thirty-six-inch batiste.

No. 5640, DOLL'S SET (10 cents).—Pattern cut in five sizes, fourteen to thirty inches. The twenty-two-inch doll requires, for dress, seven-eighths of a yard; for the nightgown and underwear, one yard and five-eighths, and for the kimono, one yard and one-eighth of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5626, CHILD'S DRESS (15 cents).—Embroidery and a novel buttoned shoulder closing make this dainty little frock as one eminently suited for Sunday best or for children's parties. The embroidery can be replaced by Valenciennes lace flouncing and insertion for a more elaborate party frock, but sheer embroidered flouncing will answer more requirements. This pattern is cut in four sizes, two to eight years. Size four takes one yard and an eighth thirty-six-inch goods, and a yard and seven-eighths seven-inch flouncing, one and one-eighth yards of insertion for belt, one yard and three-quarters of insertion for collar and sleeves, and two and one-half yards of narrow lace edging for a finish.



5626

No. 5978, GIRL'S DRESS WITH SHIELD (15 cents).—A combination of solid color and white embroidery is most effective for the growing girl. Pale pink, blue, yellow and white are to be preferred in colors. Dark blue or red are also good for early autumn wear, but for general use and constant tubbing white is alone suitable. For much hard service piqué and galatea are the first choice. The belt can be varied by a ribbon sash in Roman-striped ribbon, or a patent-leather belt is both smart and up-to-date for this type of dress. This pattern is cut in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size twelve requires four yards of thirty-six-inch material with one yard and three-eighths of all-over embroidery twenty-seven inches wide for revers, collars, cuffs, and chemisette to complete this little frock.



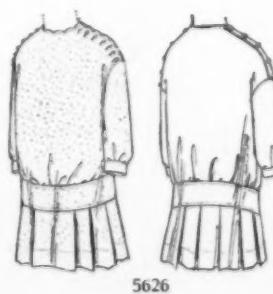
5968

No. 5968, LITTLE BOY'S DRESS (15 cents).—Smartly belted and with a black or dark-colored tie, under the turn-over collar, any little boy will be happy in this sturdy little suit. It is becoming and proper for the trigly-dressed boy when made in kindergarten cloth, galatea, and khaki, all of which are suited to its development. This pattern is cut in four sizes, one to four years. Size four requires three and three-eighths of twenty-seven-inch material to make as illustrated in serviceable cloth.

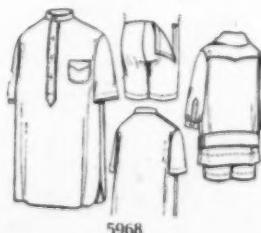


5982

No. 5974, CHILD'S DRESS WITH SHIELD (15 cents).—A snappy little dress with plaid collar, cuffs, and pleated skirt and blouse in white or color matching the ground of the plaid. The practical blouse slips on easily over the head. This pattern cuts in four sizes, two to eight years. Size six requires one yard and one-quarter of thirty-six-inch material for pleated skirt, collar and cuffs, and one yard and three-eighths of thirty-six-inch material for blouse and little chemisette.



5626



5968



5982

No. 5982, GIRL'S TANGO BLOUSE DRESS (15 cents).—A new use of fabrics is shown in this little dress, which suggests the long tunics worn by mamma. This method of combining two materials is excellent for lengthening a little frock only partly outgrown. For the model two shades of natural-colored crash are combined. Other practical developments of this frock are plain white linen blouse with striped linen skirt, also a plaid ratine blouse with a plain skirt. The pleated skirt of this frock is attached to an underbody. This pattern cuts in five sizes, six to fourteen years. Size twelve requires for waist two yards and a half of thirty-six-inch material, and for skirt, collar, and cuffs two yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material.



5974



5978

THE YOUNG GIRL'S VACATION OUTFIT

THE waistcoat blouse, wide patent-leather belts, pocket skirts, flaring collars and tunics are features the young girl should note if she wishes to keep up with the latest turn of Fashion's wheel. In No. 5976, which is made in coarse Russian natural-colored linen, with an embroidered border, the blouse is belted with a wide patent-leather belt of dark blue. Another type of wide belt is shown in the crushed girdle of the same material on No. 5972. This frock, with its flaring tunic and Shirred lower skirt, is especially pretty in foulard of solid color. No. 5988 shows the widening at the bottom of the skirt, changing the silhouette from bouffant to amphora, a name taken from antique Grecian wine vessels. Frock No. 5966 is noteworthy for the placing of the pockets under the side pleats of the skirt. The ruffled skirt and the bretelles make No. 6002 an especially pretty dancing frock.

For descriptions of Nos. 5976, 5988, 6002, 5972, and 5966 see page opposite.



Late and practical styles in lingerie and bathing suits are pictured on page 47. The trim and graceful lines of the Empire wrapper, No. 5993, make an admirable morning negligée, or the most difficult to find, maternity wrapper.

Nos. 5760 and 5970 are excellent in combination of corset-cover and drawers, which may be easily made from shadow lace and nainsook.

The best of the new style features in this summer's bathing suits are shown in No. 5099. On page 47 are striking examples of two developments given in the pattern.



HOT - WEATHER GARMENTS

No. 5976, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—In this smart dress is shown a French elaboration of the middy and Balkan blouse. Linen, poplin, or éponge are materials particularly suited to its development; also bordered materials may be used to advantage, as the one-piece lower section of the skirt has a straight edge. The pattern may be obtained in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Size sixteen requires three yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material. Around the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and three-eighths.

No. 5988, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Waistcoat-blouse and side-flounced skirt show the lines of the new silhouette. The pattern cuts in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires, as illustrated, three yards and one-eighth for skirt and vestee, and one yard and three-fourths for inset sections and waist, of thirty-six-inch material. At hem the two-piece skirt measures one and three-fourth yards in width.

No. 6002, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—The gathered round neck, bretelles and gathered flounces are approved features in this season of wide ruffles, flaring tunics and graceful panniers. Delicately tinted crépe, with a single flower design, is used for the winsome frock illustrated. The pattern may be obtained in four sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires for the dress, as illustrated, four yards and one-quarter, and one yard and one-fourth for the guimpe of thirty-six-inch material. At the bottom the skirt is one yard and three-eighths in width.

No. 5972, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Most suitable for church, and proper when made in any pliant fabric, is this frock, whose fullness at the bottom of the flounces shows the passing of the narrow skirt and the revival of puffed gathers. The pattern cuts in five sizes, fourteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires only four yards and a quarter of forty-four-inch material. At the lower edge the width of the one-piece Shirred skirt measures two yards and one-fourth.

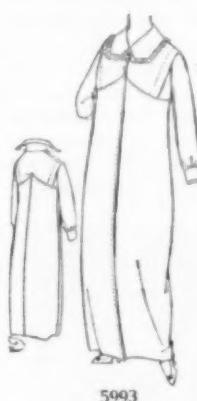
No. 5966, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Tailor-made simplicity is the characteristic feature of this jaunty frock, with raglan sleeves and pocket skirt. The pattern cuts in five sizes, thirteen to twenty years. Size sixteen requires three yards and three-fourths of forty-four-inch material. The two-piece skirt is one and three-eighths yards wide.



5980



5999



5993



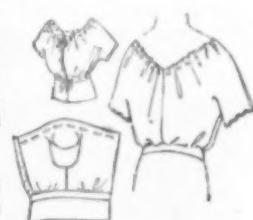
5999

No. 5993, LADIES' EMPIRE WRAPPER (15 cents).—A charming and practical version of the negligée is shown in this model of figured lawn. This garment may be made in round or sweep-length, developed in mull, challis, albatross, and dotted Swiss, which are equally pretty materials to use. The pattern may be obtained in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six bust. Size thirty-six, as illustrated, in sweep length, requires four yards and one-half of thirty-six-inch material. Around the bottom the skirt measures two yards and one-quarter.

No. 5760, LADIES' AND MISSES' CORSET COVER (10 cents).—The sheer and dainty waists, which are so chic this season, of necessity require the daintiest of corset-covers, often made of allover lace, and in dainty colored and Dresden figured lawns. The model used for the illustration is particularly practical, as the tiny sleeve caps hold the shields firmly. The pattern cuts in six sizes, thirty-two to forty-two bust. Size thirty-six requires one yard and one-half of thirty-six-inch material. Transfer Design No. 323 is used on the smaller view. Price, 10 cents.

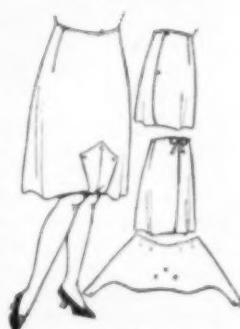
No. 5970, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE ENVELOPE DRAWERS (10 cents).—A small amount of material and a little time will be sufficient to make this garment. The pattern cuts in seven sizes, twenty-two to thirty-four waist. On the lengthwise fold, size twenty-six requires two yards and one-quarter of twenty-seven-inch material.

No. 5980, GIRL'S CIRCULAR BLOOMERS (10 cents).—The pattern cuts in seven sizes, two to fourteen years. Size eight requires one yard and one-fourth of thirty-six-inch material to develop as illustrated.



Transfer Design No. 323

No. 5999, LADIES' PRINCESS BATHING SUIT (15 cents).—The new designs for bathing suits embody all the style features of the season's modes. The first one pictured is of plain brilliantine, with collar, cuffs and sash of Roman-striped silk. While the second view, with double circular skirt, is of changeable taffeta. Knickerbockers attached to an underbody complete this outfit. The pattern may be obtained in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four bust. For the first view, six yards and one-quarter are required of thirty-six-inch fabric, together with one yard and one-eighth of the same width for trimming size thirty-six bust. The other view requires six yards and five-eighths.



5970

SUMMER WORK FOR OUR NEEDLES

What the Latchstring Club is Doing

By HELEN THOMAS

OUR four girls of the Latchstring Club are so enthusiastic over their work that no opportunity for a meeting is lost, and many a warm afternoon like this finds them chatting about their summer gaieties and frolics while working away, perhaps, upon a prospective Christmas present.

Tess is busy embroidering a white linen dress. The two frills for the skirt (McCall Pattern for Ladies' Skirt, No. 5838) show off the embroidery to advantage. It is just a simple wreath design, one and three-quarter inches wide, four yards to the strip (Transfer Design No. 601). She worked the flowers solid in soft pastel shades, pink, blue, and lavender, with a yellow French knot in the center of each. The leaves are worked in soft green in the lazy-daisy stitch.

For her waist she chose a simple surplice style, short sleeves and low neck, very cool and pretty for summer (McCall Pattern for Ladies' Waist No. 5853). The embroidered decoration (Transfer Design No. 608) matches that on the skirt. She is using two strands of the marking cotton and developing the embroidery on the waist the same as on the skirt. The design is shaped to fit about the neck.

Ruth says she will make herself a tan silk dress and embroider it in tango red and green. Jo thinks she will use the pattern on her pale-blue kimono, working it in white. Bertha considers the design excellent for many things: a bedroom set in pink or green; an apron in white eyelets and French knots; a towel-end in blue; or articles for the nursery.

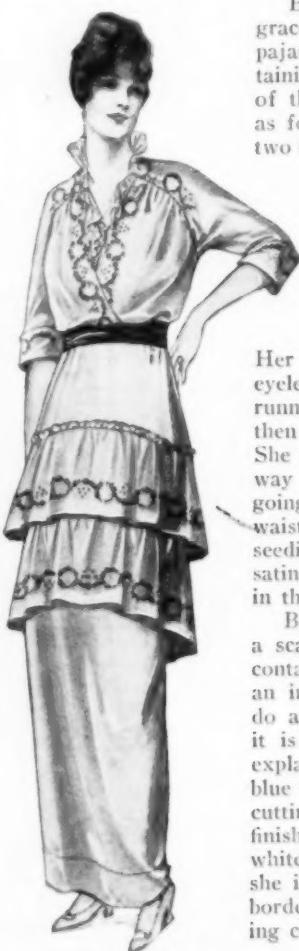
Jo has started her first Christmas gift, and has explained that every month from now on she will work at least one piece for a present. She is embroidering a poppy pillow top (Transfer Design No. 610) on tan linen 17 by 14 inches. Her design is very effective, and can be quickly worked. The flowers are in two shades of red, worked with just two strands of cotton, in the long-and-short stitch. For the leaves and stems she is using heavy

brighten, merely outlining the design in rope silks. Tess plans to cut the design into several parts and use it on the front of a waist, and on the ends of a girdle in blues, or in orange with touches of brown, working the flowers solid.

Bertha is embroidering her initial in a graceful floral script letter on the pocket of a pajama suit (Transfer Design No. 606, containing thirty-two transfers of any one letter of the alphabet, excepting X or Mc, ranging as follows: 2 four inches; 6 three inches; 12 two inches, and 12 one-and-a-half inches high).

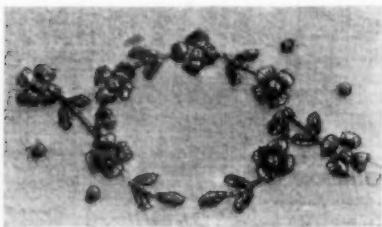
Bertha says these initials are a great source of enjoyment to her. With the smaller size, she is able to mark her underwear; with the two-inch size she can mark her waists and table napkins; and the larger sizes are suitable for the household linens, sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths, and cushions. Her letters are executed in satin-stitch and eyelets. She first pads the solid parts firmly in running-stitch with No. 20 marking cotton, and then uses No. 30 cotton for her embroidery. She says she will work the letters a different way each time. On her underwear, she is going to make the whole letter solid. On her waists she intends using French stemming with seeding and eyelets for the letter part, and satin-stitch for the spray, with a small eyelet in the center of the flower.

Bertha also has with her several yards of a scalloped edge (Transfer Design No. 607, containing 4 yards), one inch wide and half an inch deep. She says she has planned to do a number of things with this pattern, as it is a most useful one. For instance, she explains that she is going to remodel her blue linen dress by cutting off the sleeves and cutting out the neck, and will then simply finish the edges with a buttonholed scallop in white marking cotton No. 20. For Christmas, she intends to buttonhole several towels with borders in pale pink and blue in No. 16 marking cotton; a belt and jabot of white linen; a

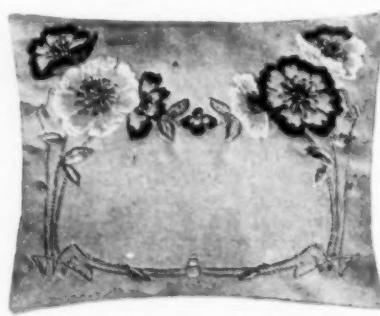


EASY BUT EFFECTIVE EMBROIDERY
LADIES' WAIST NO. 5853, 15 CENTS
Transfer Design No. 608, 10 cents

LADIES' SKIRT NO. 5838, 15 CENTS
Transfer Design No. 609, 10 cents



DETAIL OF DESIGN NO. 609, DEVELOPED IN DEEP PINK AND GREEN



A POPPY PILLOW IN LONG-AND-SHORT STITCH
Transfer Design No. 610 10 cents



DECORATIVE INITIALS FOR MARKING LINEN
Transfer Design No. 606, 10 cents

twisted cotton, working the leaves in long-and-short and the stems in outlining. The stamens are outlined in yellow and black, alternating with black and yellow French knots at the end of each. Ruth says she is going to decorate things for the library with this design; a table runner, portières, and pillow top; and, perhaps, a couch cover, too. She suggests two tones of brown and black, with a few touches of orange to

tray-cloth with white scalloping; and, for her mother, a luncheon-set in Delft blue or perhaps soft green, with an initial to match.

Ruth is embroidering a bewitching little boudoir cap (Transfer Design No. 605, including cap pattern). She chose a very sheer piece of batiste about 16 inches wide by 18 inches long. Along the width on the wrong

[Concluded on page 66]

EMBROIDERY FOR ODD MOMENTS

Simple Lessons in Embroidery—Number 8

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

SUMMER is the time to add touches of embroidery to our home decorations or the little garments of our children. We have mastered many of the popular stitches; let us take for our lesson, this month, a collar-and-cuff set (No. 10406), including one of the new buckles, in the shadow work so much in vogue. On the wrong side, shadow work has the appearance of hairpin work; on the right, it can be seen faintly shadowed through the material, while tiny running stitches outline the design. We will begin our work with the right-hand leaf of the design. Use two strands of green, and knot your thread. Since the embroidery should be done on the wrong side, hold the wrong side of material uppermost, with needle above instead of under material. Put needle through at tip of leaf and with same stitch bring it up again and out one-sixteenth of an inch along side of leaf toward you. This makes a tiny under-stitch along edge of leaf. Now carry needle across to other side of leaf, and put it through one-sixteenth of an inch from your first knot, bringing it up and out at place knot was made. Cross leaf again—toward you, this time—then put needle through one-sixteenth

edges of rose-petals in white satin-stitch, as illustrated. The buckle foundation may be of stiff white canvas, with strips of whalebone on back to hold ribbon girdle in place. Cover the buckle with the finished embroidery.

(This collar-and-cuff set, with buckle, Design No. 10406, stamped on batiste, 35 cents; embroidery cotton, 20 cents extra; all free for two 50-cent subscriptions.)

A centerpiece, with a design of clever animal heads combined with outlined scrolls, and dots in satin-stitch (No. 10404), is particularly novel and attractive. The embroidery is in Delft blue, and the scalloped edge is first firmly padded, then buttonholed in Delft blue cotton. A set of six doilies (No. 10405), to match the animal centerpiece, completes a very charming and original luncheon set for either the children's or grown-ups' table.

(This centerpiece design, No. 10404, stamped on white or tan linen, 24x24 inches, 40 cents; embroidery cotton, 25 cents extra; or all free for three 50-cent subscriptions.)

(Set of six doilies, No. 10405, stamped on white or tan linen, 12x12 inches, 60 cents; free for three 50-cent subscriptions; 20 skeins of



NO. 10401—PRETTY ROMPERS FOR LITTLE DAUGHTER OR SON; STAMPED ON TAN-COLORED LINEN, 95 CENTS

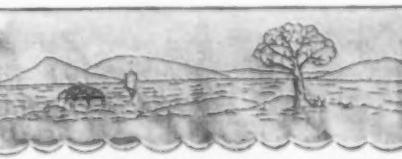


NO. 10402—PILLLOW-CASE IN TULIP DESIGN STAMPED ON PILLOW-CASE TUBING, 85 CENTS PER PAIR.

of an inch from last stitch on edge nearest you, and take an under back-stitch along edge of leaf to the last stitch. Cross leaf to upper side, again, put needle in one-sixteenth of an inch from last stitch on that edge, and bring it out with an under back-stitch to point of last stitch on that edge. Continue until back of leaf is covered solidly with a form of close cat-stitching. The little under-stitches will show on the right side and form an outline, and the color of the embroidery will throw a faint shadow through material. If you have the least trouble with the work, write me and I will straighten out your difficulties.

When leaf is complete, work flower in same manner, using two strands of pink. On right side fill flower-centers with yellow French knots, and outline stems with two strands of green. Buttonhole edges in white, and work the

NO. 10404—A NOVEL SIMPLY-EMBROIDERED CENTERPIECE; STAMPED ON TAN OR WHITE LINEN, FOR 40 CENTS



NO. 10403—JAPANESE TOWEL-END; STAMPED ON HUCKABACK, 25 CENTS; ON LINEN, 50 CENTS.

cotton, 40 cents extra; or all free for four 50-cent subscriptions.)

Inexpensive natural-colored linen rompers can be made very pretty, and becoming to the small sons and daughters, by simple embroidery in bright colors on belt and around neck and sleeves.

A conventionalized bat design (No. 10401), is worked with bright blue for the body, with a black center; one of the two small diamonds continuing the body developed in blue,



NO. 10406—SHADOW WORK COLLAR-AND-CUFF SET WITH BUCKLE, STAMPED ON BATISTE, 35 CENTS

the other in black; head and diamonds for under wings in orange; buttonholed scalloped edge in blue.

(This romper design, No. 10401, stamped on tan linen, in four-year size, 95 cents; 13 skeins of cotton, 25 cents extra. Furnished in one- to six-year sizes. Rompers illustrated cut by McCall Pattern No. 5870; price, 10 cents.)

[Concluded on page 67]



It appeals to the most critical taste

There is no guest too fastidious, no occasion too formal or too important for

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Its irreproachable quality commands it to the most exacting epicure. And it is so readily adapted to the character of the meal—light or hearty as the case may be—that in each instance it seems exactly the fitting key to the occasion.

Prepared as a rich Cream-of-tomato, or served in bouillon cups topped with whipped cream it is an especially inviting "overture" to any meal.

How about that particular "company-affair" of yours?

**21 kinds
10c a can**



Campbell's SOUPS
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



A PATRIOTIC PICNIC

By ELEANOR OTIS

HURRAH for the glorious Fourth, when all the world takes a holiday, and every one is ready for a jolly time. The woods and parks have been beckoning for months to every hospitable hostess; but how plan a picnic when the boys cannot come? The Fourth gives them their first opportunity, so a picnic let it be.

For invitations, send out Liberty bells cut from bronze-colored pasteboard, and tied with red, white, and blue baby ribbon, writing on an inner sheet:

Miss Columbia
requests the pleasure of your company
at a Patriotic Picnic
on the Fourth of July
at Millstead Pond

Please be at 15 West Haven Street at 10 o'clock

The question of transportation is not a difficult one in these days of good roads. If there is no train or street car to your chosen spot, perhaps an automobile can be procured; but an old-fashioned carry-all, or even a wagon filled with hay, makes an acceptable conveyance for a jolly crowd.

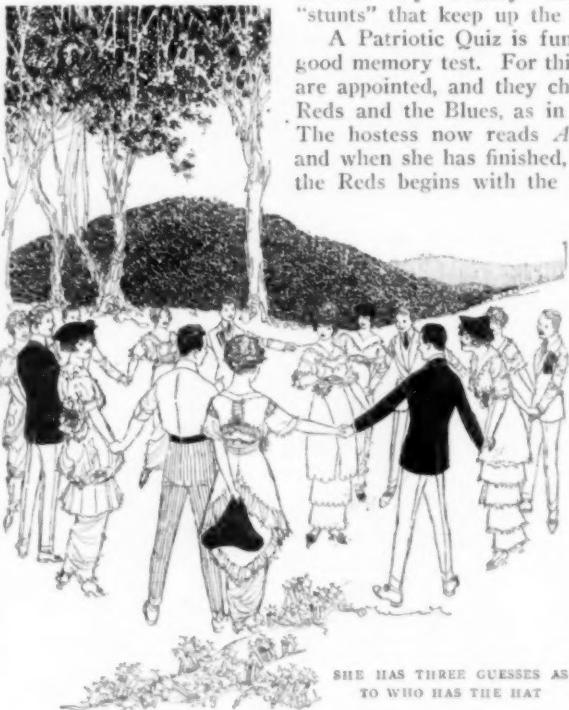
Select a grassy spot with plenty of shade trees, and as soon as the first lively chatter is over, start the fun with some merry games. Red, White, and Blue Answers makes a good beginning and is well suited to the day. Some one is appointed questioner; the company sits in line, and he begins at the head of the line to ask questions, the answers to include the three words, "red", "white", and "blue". "What did you do yesterday?" the questioner may ask; and a fitting reply would be, "I read [red] until the white light faded from the blue sky." The answer must come quickly, must bring in all three words, and must "make sense" in the judgment of the company, or the one who has failed becomes questioner. So

it goes, until every one has taxed her ingenuity to the utmost, and answers lag.

Our hostess, knowing that people always enjoy an opportunity for "dressing up", has provided some pretty favors: for the girls, smart cocked hats in red, white and blue; for the men, small flags to stick in their lapels. An amusing way of distributing the favors is as follows:

The guests form a circle, with the girl who is to receive a favor in the center. She closes her eyes and counts ten, while one of the hats is being passed from one to the other in the circle. When she opens her eyes, she has three guesses as to who has the hat, having no guide to its whereabouts save the tell-tale look on the face of the holder. Should she guess wrong, she must pay a forfeit for every guess above the allotted three; if right, the hat is hers. The girls will look quite fetching in these gay paper bonnets. The boys play for their favors in the same way, and the forfeits must be redeemed by many mirth-provoking "stunts" that keep up the fun.

A Patriotic Quiz is fun, and makes a good memory test. For this, two captains are appointed, and they choose sides, the Reds and the Blues, as in a spelling-bee. The hostess now reads *America* aloud; and when she has finished, the captain of the Reds begins with the first line, "My Country, 'tis of thee". The captain of the Blues must respond with the second line, the Reds giving the next, and so on until the song is finished. The *Star-Spangled Banner* and *Columbia* are taken up in like manner. Every one who misses a line must drop



SHE HAS THREE GUESSES AS TO WHO HAS THE HAT

out, and the line passes to and fro until it is recited properly. The songs are repeated until all on one side have dropped out, when the victors cut for a prize. The words and music of the three songs, tied with our national colors, make a prize that any young patriot will delight in.

Hidden Presidents will prove lively and amusing. For this, the party is again divided into two sides, the President and

[Concluded on page 51]

A PATRIOTIC PICNIC

[Continued from page 50]

his Body-guards, and the Rebels. The sides take base-lines some twelve or fifteen feet apart. The President now advances to within three feet of the other line, his Body-guards taking their stand a short distance behind him and several feet apart. The President walks up and down before the other line, and each in turn asks him, "What President are you?" to which his answer is always the same, describing himself by using his initials. For instance, if he is representing Abraham Lincoln, he may reply "a leader", or "a lawyer". William McKinley would be "wounded martyr", or "wonderful man", and so on. Before long, some one will guess who "a lawyer" is, and he must then rush back to his base, pursued by the Rebels. The Body-guards cannot stir from their places, but they stretch out their hands, and if any of the Rebels are touched by them, those players are stopped for that turn. If the President is caught, those of the opposing side become President and Body-guards; if not, one of the Body-guards becomes President, and that side continues to take the active part.

Luncheon is soon announced, and our hostess has packed her lunch in the prettiest way imaginable. Paper ice-cream pails have been covered with red, white, and blue crêpe paper, the handles being twisted with red, white, and blue ribbon. In each basket is enough lunch for two persons, and each separate dainty has been very carefully wrapped in parchment paper.

These tête-à-tête baskets mean partners, of course, and our hostess has planned a novel method for the young men to choose their partners. She brings out an armful of flags, as many as there are boys, and to the handle of each flag ties the end of a ball of twine in red, white, or blue. The flags are stuck in the soft earth in some open spot, and a ball of the twine handed to each girl. The girls now dance in and out among the bushes at one side of the flags, catching their twine over branches and twigs, until the balls are exhausted, and they have woven a huge net of red, white, and blue.

Now each boy takes a flag, and begins rewinding the twine. There will be jolly scrambles over stones and around bushes, jolly tangles with other threads; but at last his work will lead him to the other end of the twine, which is held in the hand of his fair partner.

While the net is a-weaving, the hostess has improvised a table by putting boxes together, and on this the sweets are set forth. A square chocolate layer-cake, surmounted by Old Glory, makes an excellent log fort, especially as toy soldiers stand about it. Vanilla ice-cream, with red cherries on it, is served in paper cases set in cocked hats of blue Bristol-board.

The Fourth, however, being the birthday of our country's freedom, means more to us than a mere gala day, and,

therefore, the guests themselves have agreed to furnish a short program, which proves a very enjoyable part of the fun. One of the young men reads the *Declaration of Independence*; one of the girls recites the *Gettysburg Address*; there is a twenty-minute open debate on the merits of Peace versus War; a brief sketch of the Peace Movement, showing its relation to the highest patriotism; and the day closes with a general chorus of national songs to the twanging of a guitar.

The ride home is as jolly as though the merry-makers were just starting on their picnic, for the fine invigorating air of the open country and the day's pleasure have kept them buoyant and brimful of fun.

Editor's Note.—All of us like to strike an original note in our entertaining. Miss Otis, our Entertainment Editor, is bubbling over with ideas for every kind of party, luncheon, or dinner. She will gladly offer suggestions by mail if a stamped envelope accompanies your inquiry.



THE GIRLS CATCH THE TWINE
OVER BRANCHES AND TWIGS



The Joy of Eating

Something Extra Good

finds rich fulfillment in every package of Post Toasties.

It is noticeable that the crispy, mild sweetness of these tender bits of toasted corn usually start smiles at table.

And the housewife smiles too, for a bowlful poured direct from the package—with cream and sugar to taste—relieves some of the work and worry of breakfast or lunch, not soon forgotten.

Post Toasties

are sold everywhere in tight-sealed packages—fresh and ready always for instant serving.

The delicate toasted corn flavour blends nicely with fruit and berries, and a variety of attractive dishes are always at hand when there is a package of Toasties on the pantry shelf.

—sold by Grocers.

The big, clean Post Toasties factories at Battle Creek, Mich., where Postum and Grape-Nuts are also made, are open to visitors every working day in the year.

There's much to be seen, and visitors are always welcome!



For your baby's sake be glad you live in this enlightened age

Be glad that you live in this day when mothers of America are joined to make "Better Babies"—when we have learned how to keep our little ones and raise them to healthy manhood and womanhood. In the old days of Queen Elizabeth, the mother who could not give her baby breast milk, helplessly watched it die, for there was no other food to give it, not even such a thing as a nursing bottle.

Later, when mothers gave their babies cow's milk, it was almost as bad. For it took many years to learn that it was from disease and impurities in cow's milk that most babies died.

Nestlé's Food

In one of our States, where the laws are strict, there's a tubercular cow for nearly every baby in the State; and throughout the land the Government Inspectors found only eight clean dairies in a hundred.

We have learned that mother's milk is best, and that the only food to give the baby in its place is one that will fill the baby's needs exactly and be as pure as mother's milk itself. Nestlé's Food is most like mother's milk and just as safe, because no cow's milk must be added to prepare it. You simply add water and boil.

Nestlé's is a Complete Food—not one to which you must add cow's milk. Nestlé's is made from the milk of healthy cows, in Sanitary Dairies. All the heavy parts, harmful to the baby, have been so modified that the curd is soft and digestible as in mother's milk. Then, other food elements your baby needs, and that are not in cow's milk, are added.

Our grandmothers began to use it; our mothers used more of it; in the last seven years, five times as many mothers have come to use it. So, with the growth of "Better Babies," grows the use of NESTLÉ'S. Send this "Better Baby" Card and send it for a big Box containing 12 feedings FREE and our Book on "The Care and Feeding of Better Babies".



NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY
231 Broadway, New York

Please send me, FREE, your book and trial package.

Name _____

Address _____



MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

A Department That Believes in Fairies

By JOSEPHINE GREGORY

POLLY wants to be a trained nurse. She is dreaming this dream very hard—has been dreaming it all her life. She never loved her dolls, she tells me, until they were disjointed and disabled, so that she could bandage and coddle them, and feed them on bread pills. Now she is in high school and has outgrown dolls; but she still thinks that nursing is what she was made for, and so she is writing to ask if her dream can come true.

We believe that every dream can come true, do we not? And this dream of Polly's is particularly practicable, if Polly is in earnest and determined. The money question—that *bête noir* which paralyzes so many dreamers—is almost eliminated here, for all the large hospitals throughout the country offer opportunities for free training. If a girl has sufficient money to get to the hospital and to pay for a return ticket in case she is not accepted, she will need but few extra dollars, as board, lodging, and laundry are always provided by the institutions, and, usually, books and uniforms. Age forms no barrier to this career, for the limit extends from eighteen to thirty-five years, varying slightly in the different hospitals. The short time required for the training is also an attractive feature; for, whereas a teacher must take four college years to stand at the head of her profession, a graduate nurse studies only three years at the most, and often but two years.

Two requirements Polly must meet, before her dream can be realized. She must have good health, for the work is too arduous for a delicate girl to undertake. A doctor's certificate as to Polly's physical condition will probably be required by the hospital. But fresh air, sane living, and cheerful thinking will establish health in the normal girl, so give up sweets and late hours, Polly, and nature will keep you strong. The other requirement, and you will agree with me that it is a sensible one, is education—"a high-school education or its equivalent", as it reads on the application blanks. It behooves Polly to study hard at high school, therefore; but this requirement need not discourage any bright girl who is living too far in the country to reach the public schools. No ambitious woman is content, these days, without the equivalent of a high-school education, and there are many ways in which it may be obtained. In the city, the night schools offer an opportunity, and the girl in the rural districts can take a correspondence course,

or write to the State Librarian, get an outline for home study, and build up a good education in this way.

The step towards bringing about Polly's dream is to get a list of first-class hospitals—her physician can help her with this—and to write to every one of them for application blanks. She should write early, even before she is ready to go—for there is a waiting-list at many hospitals—addressing her letter to the Directress of Nurses. It is well for her to send with the first letter references as to character from her clergyman, as the better institutions are anxious to maintain a high standard of character among their nurses. If her application is refused, she should write a pleasant note to the directress, tell her how much in earnest she is, and ask if she may not apply again after having made up any deficiency in health or education. In other words, never take "no" for an answer after you have decided upon your life work.

When Polly's application is accepted, she will begin at once on her probationary term. This period of probation lasts from three to six months, according to the regulations of the different hospitals, and gives the hospital authorities an opportunity to learn whether



POLLY EARLY DREAMED OF BEING A NURSE

ARTHUR LITTLE

an applicant has those characteristics which are necessary to make a successful nurse. This is a protection to the hospital and to the girls, for no girl wishes

to spend two years in training for work for which she is unfitted. Polly must provide her own uniform during the probation term, but will have no other expenses. If she is accepted, her probation months will be counted as part of her two- or three-year term of training.

Let not Polly imagine, however, that her dream can be realized by merely putting on a becoming cap and apron, and trying to look like a ministering angel. There must be honest work to keep this

[Concluded on page 53]



MAKING DREAMS COME TRUE

[Continued from page 52]

dream-ship moving, as there is with every ship that is worth bringing into port. A glance at the schedule of one of our finest hospitals will give an idea of a nurse's average day. From seven in the morning until seven at night she is on duty, and that duty may be heavy or light, not as she feels, but as demand requires. Half an hour is allowed for each meal, and two hours' recreation each day. Polly will have one afternoon each week and half of Sunday. Every night at ten there is a "lights-out" bell, which will send Polly gladly tumbling into bed. This schedule may be considered fairly typical, although there will be found slight differences at different hospitals.

Polly's work will be divided into theory and practise. Part of this time will be taken up with classes in anatomy, physiology, hygiene, *materia medica*, and so on; but the greater part of her time will be given to actual, practical work in the hospital, and there Polly will learn that first great lesson in nursing—that all per-



THERE WILL BE PRACTICAL HOSPITAL WORK

sonal consideration must be sacrificed

to the good of the patient. It is a busy, self-sacrificing life; but in considering the work required, let Polly remember that the hospital will be supporting her while giving her her training. Let her try to work her way through any school or college, and I warrant you she will find the work equally arduous. Hospital training allows little time for outside diversions, but I am told of jolly larks in the nurses' quarters of an evening.

I have told Polly frankly of the shoals ahead; and now let us discuss some of the brighter phases of this dream, for nursing has many advantages. For one thing, the pay is good. In cities, the regular pay for a graduate nurse is four dollars a day for general nursing, and five or six a day for mental and other especially difficult cases. Polly doubtless

could not get such prices in her home town, but, even in the smallest places, the profession is well paid in proportion to the general scale of living.

Another thing, the profession is not overcrowded; at least, so I am told by the sweet-faced directress of nurses at one of our foremost New York hospitals, and she knows whereof she speaks. Of course, there is a large surplus of incompetents who have dropped out, or been dismissed during their first months of training, and who call themselves "trained nurses"; but no sensible, earnest girl will let herself drift into this class, and of graduate nurses there is not enough.

The nurses' profession is still in its infancy, and the opportunities it opens up are endless. In private nursing, there may be unpleasant cases, but there are also chances for travel and for cultured companionship which many professions do not have; and the opportunities for public work are daily increasing. If Polly is fond of children, she might become a public-school nurse; if philanthropically inclined, there is parish-nurse work or social-settlement work to do at a comfortable salary. Even hotels and department stores employ resident nurses now.

If Polly finds she does not care for nursing, there are splendid positions as theoretical instructor in the hospitals open to her; and if very ambitious, her nurse's training may very well be her first step towards becoming a doctor.

Last, but not least, let me remind Polly that hygiene and sanitation can be applied to the small home as well as the big hospital; and that the admirable patience, perseverance, and self-control which a nurse's training cultivates, will prove useful in any department of life. These qualities, too, are among the essential elements of success in the profession, and an amiable disposition is an especially valuable asset in nursing. Amiability, however, must be combined with firmness and determination, for there should be nothing of a wavering tendency, or yielding, weak personality about the nurse; she should be able to take command, as it were, in the sick room. If you go into it with high ideals, Polly, your dream is worth while.

Editor's Note.—Josephine Gregory believes that every wholesome desire for self-expression should be helped into perfect realization, and if you are one of the dreamers waiting for a shadowy ship to come in, you will find her the friendliest and most understanding of pilots. She will answer by mail every letter which encloses a stamped addressed envelope.



Protection for the Home

Your husband's strongest desire is the welfare of yourself and of your children.

He works hard to provide for you; he would be glad to know how best to protect you.

Many a wife has pleased her husband by suggesting a **safe** and **economical** plan—that offered by

The Postal Life

The Company supplies sound insurance protection at **low net cost** because:

1st. Commission dividends ranging on whole life policies, up to

40%

of the premium go to policyholders the first year.

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guaranteed dividends go to policyholders in subsequent years.

3d. The Usual contingent policy-dividends, based on the Company's earnings, still further reduce the cost **each year after the first**.

Nowadays women are equally interested with their husbands in life insurance, also in health conservation in the home. The prudent, sensible wife talks over these things with her husband.

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The Postal Life issues all the standard forms—**Whole Life**, **Limited-Payment Life**, **Endowment**, **Joint-Life** and **Child's Welfare**; all these are yours to choose from; but it is probable that you will be interested most in a **Monthly Income Policy**—the Contract that will provide a regular monthly income for life or for an agreed period of years.

Write the Company for **Official Information**, giving **date of birth** of yourself and husband, also **occupation**. The Company will send full particulars, and then you and your husband can talk it over together. Please mention McCall's. **No agent will be sent to visit you;** the benefit of his commission goes to **you** because you deal **direct**.

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WM. R. MALONE, President

37 Nassau Street

NEW YORK CITY



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Look for the Oakville Quality Trade Mark on every card of Safety Pins or paper of "Common" Pins you buy.

Oakville Company
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Makers also of Damascus Steel Safety Pins for Dress Purposes and Sewing "Common" Pins of uncommonly fine quality.



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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Lesson 41. Child's Set—Coat, Bonnet and Dress

By MARGARET WHITNEY

THIS child's set is so simply constructed that the busiest mother need not hesitate undertaking to make the little dress, coat, and hat illustrated. For \$3.75 the three pieces for a child of four years will compare favorably with any little coat, hat, and frock in the country.

The first necessity, for rapid work, is to purchase the McCall Pattern, Child's Set, No. 5964, which costs 15 cents. The little dress requires one and one-half yards of nainsook, 29 inches wide, 30 cents a yard; two yards of beading, 10 cents a yard; and one and one-half yards of narrow light-blue ribbon, 10 cents a yard, to hold in the fullness at the neck. In addition, the Transfer Design, No. 318, price 10 cents, stamps the scallops at the edges of neck and sleeves, as well as brim of hat. This brings the total cost of dress to \$1.05: nainsook, 45 cents; beading, 20 cents; ribbon, 15 cents; and the embroidery pattern, 10 cents. The total cost of the little coat and hat amounts to \$2.70: $-2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of piqué, 27 inches wide, 60 cents a yard, \$1.28; three pearl buttons, 25 cents; one piece of bias binding, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, 26 cents; one yard of Irish crochet lace, one inch wide, 45 cents; besides $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of three-inch blue ribbon, at 30 cents a yard, 45 cents.

Cut the little frock according to diagram, Fig. 2. Fold the nainsook selvage to selvage, and thereon place the two pattern pieces—F, front, and B, back and sleeves—with the straight lines, +++, on fold of material. Cut off the sleeve along line of large circles, before the pattern, B, is placed upon material. First cut the larger piece (F) and join material selvage to selvage, so as to add the small piece necessary to complete the pattern.

Join the front shoulder seams with beading, matching notches. Neatly roll, or doubly turn in edges of material and whip beading to line of long perforations of shoulder seam. Now place the transfer

pattern upon lower edge of sleeves and upon line of low neck, marked on paper pattern by single small circles. The scallops can be embroidered now, or later.

Proceed by joining the under-arm in a French seam. Match notches and run a seam on right side, as near edge as possible. Turn, and stitch on wrong side, following line of long perforations. This seam must be narrow, so as not to tear. Turn up hem at lower edge of skirt along line of large circles. Cut material of dress along edge of turned-up hem. Turn in both edges toward each other and whip to beading. Turn in edge of body of skirt, and join by whipping to other edge of beading. Buttonhole slits, the width of the ribbon, an inch from the scalloped edge of neck.

To make the little coat, follow diagram, Fig. 4, which shows proper placing of paper-pattern pieces of coat and hat on

piqué, after it is folded lengthwise, selvage to selvage. Pattern pieces, C, O, U, H, and Y are placed with the three +++, on fold of goods. After cutting larger piece Y at right of diagram, Fig. 4, before removing paper pattern from fabric, join the piecing selvage to selvage, according to

the small pattern piece Y, in upper left-hand corner of diagram, Fig. 4.

After entire garment is cut, pieced and marked, turn under shoulder and yoke seam, piece Y, following line of long perforations. Baste this and in the curve, under back of yoke, snip turned-under material until it lays

flat. Now baste this turned-under seam onto piece H, exactly on line of long perforations, with edges even and notches matching; then stitch on right side $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch from edge.

The two front shoulder seams are treated in the same way. The result is seen in the illustration.

Turn coat on wrong side; join under-arm seams, matching notches, and stitch, following line of long perforations. Bind

[Concluded on page 55]



FIG. 1—CHILD'S SET—COAT, BONNET, AND DRESS,
NO. 5964

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

[Continued from page 51]

edges with bias binding, and press seams open. Now face the bottom of coat with two inches of lawn. The cuffs, D, are joined with notches matching, the upper wider edges hemmed and narrower edges stitched to sleeves, with right side of cuffs to wrong side of sleeves, then turned back and pressed.

Now proceed to place collar. Pattern piece C is cut on fold of goods. Hem the two sides and straight back, and fit neck to coat. Cut out coat neck to fit easily, so that the collar will not bind. Baste collar to coat $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch from edge, with edges even. Snip seam so collar will not draw, and cover edges with bias binding, hand sewn.

Face lapels with left-over material. The two pieces, with selvage edges above H, and between Y and R, are joined, selvage to selvage, to fronts, right side to right side, beginning at neck. After this, baste the unfinished edge of collar, piece C, to the continued turned-in upper edge of the lapel. See Fig. 1.

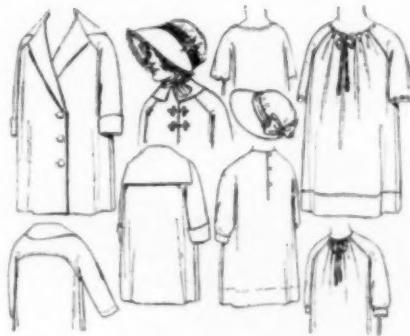


FIG. 3—FRONT AND BACK VIEWS OF DRESS, COAT, AND BONNET

Join to brim with centers even, having double small circles in crown at front and seam in brim at center-back.

In the illustration, three-inch ribbon is used for the trimming of the little bonnet, and when possible this ribbon should be of wash silk ribbon. However, if it is to be worn on very hot days, bonnet-strings of batiste will be more practical.

The choice of material for the coat and hat need not be confined to piqué, although a firm white fabric that tubs well is always desirable for a child's summer coat.

The model is such an excellent one that no mother would regret making a fall or winter coat on the same lines. However, in children's hats there is a strong tendency to have the round cap-like shape made to match the coat for cold weather. This is usually of the same material, and is often trimmed with two or three bright-colored small fruits or flowers placed on the edge of the brim, which is usually narrow.

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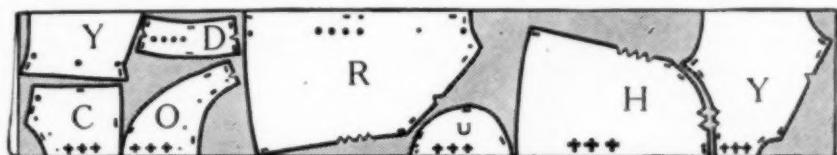


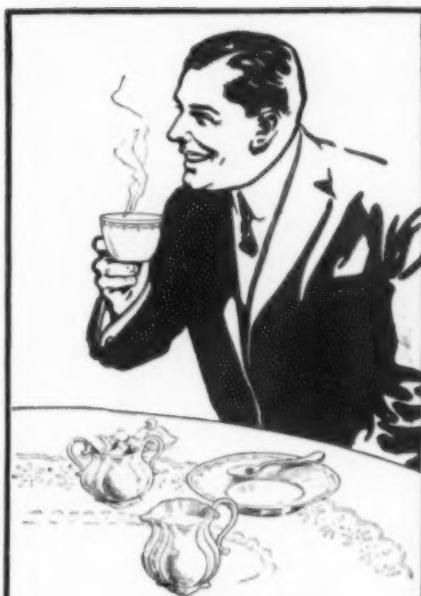
FIG. 4—DIAGRAM FOR CUTTING COAT AND BONNET
(C) Square Collar; (D) Cuffs; (R) Fronts; (H) Back; (Y) Back-yoke and Sleeve in one; (U) Bonnet Crown; (O) Brim

Over this baste the turned-back facing of front, turning in upper edges and blind-stitching to collar, piece C. Bind unfinished edges of revers with bias binding, and blind-stitch turned-in lower edge to bottom of coat. Strengthen ends firmly and use a coarse thread to work buttonholes.

The little bonnet, cut from pattern, pieces O and N, is simple to construct. Stamp transfer design on outer edge of brim, embroider; then canvas the brim, and line it with lawn. Finish edge with Irish crochet lace, according to illustration. Crown, piece U, is turned under at edges and gathered along small circles.

For a girl's frock, at any season, wash materials, such as batiste, lawn, linen and piqué, are preferable for any age up to ten years. Valenciennes lace, edging and insertion, hand work, fine tucks, and hand embroidery, are used in various ways on the best frocks, while machine stitching is to be preferred, because more expeditious, when many serviceable, sturdy frocks are in the making.

Editor's Note—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to assist you in the making of any garment. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, stating the matter clearly, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.



POSTUM Tickles the Taste

Some people—wedded to coffee—have the idea they can't be suited with any other table beverage.

So they continue to drink coffee, even when they suspect it is causing indigestion, nervousness, headache, sleeplessness, or other ills.

Thousands seeking relief, have quit coffee with its poisonous drug, caffeine, and adopted Postum, and to their surprise, find that it has a delightful flavor. And, better still, Postum is absolutely free from caffeine or any other harmful substance.

Made only of whole wheat and a small percent. of molasses, Postum is a pure food-drink, refreshing and nourishing. Every member of the family, including the children, drink it with greatest benefit.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder. Made in the cup—no boiling. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup is about the same for both kinds.

**"There's a Reason"
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Mellin's Food Babies

The Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification has given health, strength and happiness to these little ones.

It will do as well for your baby.

Write today for a liberal trial bottle of Mellin's Food.

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Mary Frances Lagsdon

Free to See and Use



Robin Hood Discovers His Shadow

ANOTHER JINKS-AND-BETTY STORY

By MYRA G. REED

ROBIN HOOD rose slowly and stretched. It was too early to be very warm, so a race around the garden would not be amiss. He thought of that old rooster with a sudden raising of his stubby tail. It would be an ideal time to chase him. He stepped gingerly around Mike, so as not to waken him, and trotted off toward the chicken-yard. But half a dozen yards farther on, he stopped abruptly.

There it was again—that strange, nervous, quickly-moving animal that had stuck to him all day yesterday—right in front of him; yet, when he tried to grab it, he hit nothing but the ground. He choked for a moment over the two pebbles he had inadvertently swallowed, and tried new tactics. He wondered if he could not get him by turning around quickly and catching him suddenly from the back.

It was in just such a preoccupied mood as this that Betty discovered him.

"Just look at Robin Hood, Jinks!" she cried. "He's still trying to catch his shadow."

Jinks nodded his head. "I don't really think it's good for him to be doing nothing but following that old shadow of his around all the time."

He ran for him and threw his cap on Robin Hood's head. Robin Hood was not going to submit to such indignity; so he grabbed the cap and ran off. But he had not forgotten that strange animal that pursued him; he was merely putting off his capture to a more appropriate time.

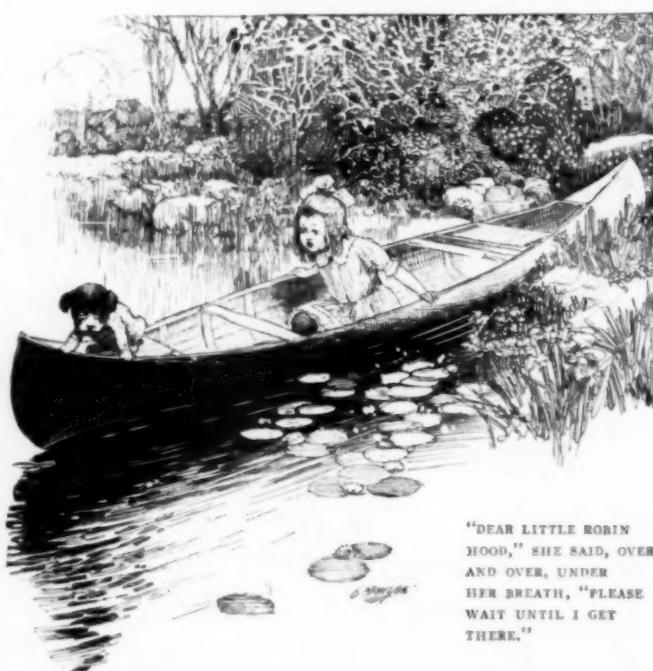
It was Saturday and the Pattersons and the Ramsays were going on their usual weekly picnic.

It was Betty's turn to decide where they should go; so, when she and her mother and Jinks came to the river, and got into the canoe, she shut her eyes tight while they glided swiftly down the stream. When she grew so tired that she just had to open them, she called "Stop!" And that was their camping-place for the day. This made it much more exciting, because then they never knew just where they were going to be.

Jinks and Betty jumped out, and Mrs. Ramsay went back for Mrs. Patterson and Robin Hood and Mike. Then they drew the canoe part way up on the land so the water would not carry it away, and hid the paddles in the bushes.

It was two or three hours later—they had eaten their picnic dinner, and Mrs. Ramsay and Mrs. Patterson had settled down to a quiet afternoon—when Betty wandered down to the river.

ROBIN HOOD RAMSAY!" she called softly, but Robin Hood was too engrossed to hear her. He had discovered his shadow again, but this time it was a big glittering one that shivered and wobbled, and sometimes spread out almost half-



"DEAR LITTLE ROBIN HOOD," SHE SAID, OVER AND OVER, UNDER HER BREATH, "PLEASE WAIT UNTIL I GET THERE."

way across the river. He was standing on the prow of the canoe looking down in the water, and cudgeling his brains as to the most effective way of catching it.

Betty was worried. "I just know he'll jump in and be drowned. Robin Hood!" she called again, but there was no response from his stiffly-arched back.

BETTY stepped carefully down the bank. "If I can catch him before he jumps, I can hold him," she thought to herself. gingerly she stepped over the edge of the little craft, and, getting down on her hands and knees, edged carefully up toward the bow. "Dear little Robin Hood," she said over and over, under her breath, "please wait until I get there."

[Continued on page 57]



Robin Hood Discovers His Shadow

[Continued from page 56]

She had almost reached him, when there was a wild war-whoop from the bank and Jinks rushed down to the canoe. Betty motioned frantically for him to be still, but he had already cleared the bank in three jumps and with another jump was in the canoe beside her.

JINKS PATTERSON, you might have drowned Robin Hood!" she started to say, and then she saw that Robin Hood, as startled as she, had turned around, forgetting all about his reflection, and that there was a still greater cause for alarm. In the beginning, the canoe had been mostly on dry land, but Betty's weight had brought it down so that the water could sweep against it, and gradually, inch by inch, pull it out from the shore. Jinks' jump had given it the final push it needed, and now it was off down the stream for the other end of the world.

"Mamma, mamma!"
Betty screamed.

"She won't hear you," declared Jinks, settling down hastily into the bottom of the boat so that he wouldn't tip it. "We're off for a fine voyage."

"Jinks Patterson, I think you just did it on purpose," Betty cried.

"Don't be a silly baby," replied Jinks. "I'd have brought a paddle along if I had."

Betty looked at him in terrified amazement.

"We haven't a paddle, have we? I didn't think. It'll never stop."

Jinks shook his head solemnly. "Not unless we can catch hold of a stick."

The canoe was going serenely on down the river, and familiar landmarks were fast disappearing from view. Even Robin Hood seemed a little uneasy at this new adventure he had fallen into, and gazed solemnly at the shore.

Jinks trailed his hand in the water in the forlorn hope that it might act as a paddle, and turn the canoe toward the shore. But it had no more effect than one of the little bubbles swimming along on the water itself.

"Well, anyway, Robin Hood can't find his shadow here," declared Jinks after a long silence.

They had been going hours, it seemed to Betty and Jinks, when, finally, Jinks spied a long bough drifting in the water.

"There's a stick, Betty," he whispered, as if he were afraid he might scare it away.

Although it was going down stream too, the canoe, because of its greater weight, gained on it steadily. Jinks knelt in order to catch it more easily, and, as they went by, made a wild grab and caught it. Betty sighed with relief; and Robin Hood, who was ordinarily a very taciturn dog, barked.

Jinks found the stick was long enough to reach the sandy bottom of the river, and that he could push the boat over toward the shore. He gave half a dozen pushes and the bow touched the sand at the edge. Robin Hood jumped and landed on dry ground; and, though the canoe bumped along sideways over the stones, it finally caught against a projecting tree, and Betty and Jinks clambered out.



IT WOULD BE TERRIBLE IF THE MAN WAS ANGRY. HE MIGHT NEVER LET THEM GO

"I don't know where we are at all, do you, Jinks?" said Betty, slipping her hand into his.

"No; but somebody'll show us the way home," declared Jinks stoutly.

They followed a little path up the bank. It led them straight to a tiny log cabin, where a man was writing on the end of an upturned box. He was such a big man and had such black eyes that Betty was afraid of him, but Jinks spoke up bravely:

"Please, we live in River Edge, and will you tell us the way home?"

The man looked angry, Betty thought.

"In a minute," he said shortly. "Sit down there." He waved to the bench against the wall.

But—" Jinks protested.

"Don't bother me now. In a minute, I said."

They sat down, first Betty, then Robin Hood, then Jinks. They sat there for

[Concluded on page 75]



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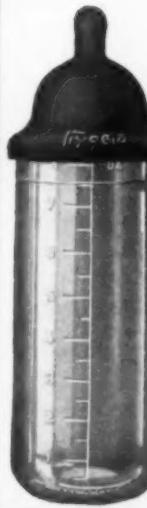
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Write for our booklet of modern improved nursing devices. It will help you as it is intended to do. It gives to the young mother, especially, condensed information about rearing "Better Babies," which she will be glad to have.

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Mothers: Ask the physician who will attend you if he has secured the above book yet.



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—you can cook a delicious
pot roast in this*

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Kettle

Place the kettle empty over a low flame. In the heated kettle sear the roast on all sides. Then turn down the fire to a mere flicker. When half done turn the meat over.

Thus the cheaper cuts of meat may be made as palatable as the most expensive cuts.

Ask your dealer to show you a "Wear-Ever" Windsor Kettle. It is particularly good for pot-roasting without water—and may be used for many other purposes.

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Always look for the "Wear-Ever" trademark on the bottom of every utensil, your guarantee of safety, saving, service. Write for Booklet, "The Wear-Ever Kitchen." It tells you how to save fuel, time and strength—how to make your kitchen more efficient.



THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO.
Dept. 30, New Kensington, Pa.
or NORTHERN ALUMINUM CO., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

Send me, prepaid, sample one-quart "Wear-Ever" Stewpan, for which I enclose 20 cents in stamps—money to be returned if I'm not satisfied.

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I buy cooking ware
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Eat Junket

The Pure FOOD Dessert

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10 Junket Tablets 10¢

At Drugists or Grocers.



LIBERTY STREET

[Continued from page 12]

"I—wasn't expecting you to-day. Not till—the end of the week." Actually, the words seemed to force themselves with difficulty through her lips. When he kissed her, the lips were cold.

"Why—why, Mary!"

"The Guild is here—the Women's Guild. I—they wanted to meet here. They're 'most ready to go home now. Would you—will you go in and see them, and have—I'm giving them tea and sandwiches." The long explanation came stiffly, as though it hurt. "And cake," added Mary Tuck, with conscientious honesty.

"Goodness, no, I won't go in! I'm all over cinders, and I never was a lady's man, even in my best togs. Run along back to 'em, dear, and I'll wait for you in the bedroom up-stairs."

"Their wraps are in the bedroom."

"Good gracious—I mean, that's all right. Kitchen empty? There, Mary, don't look at me as if I was a ghost. Just run along to your women-folks and let me take care of myself. See you later!" He was determinedly gay, but this was not really—er—getting home.

By cautious roundabouts, he got to the tiny room he called his study. It fortunately opened from the dining-room as well as the parlor. The parlor-door he noiselessly locked against an intruding Guild. When, after three-quarters of an hour, he heard the rustle and higher-keyed note of departure, he knew that delivery was near. His wife, Mary, found him waiting for her with a smile. Walker was smiling! But, of course, he had not found the little sheaf of bills that she had carefully arranged for him in a neat pile on his desk. There had been a curious salve to her conscience in sorting them over, pinning those from the grocer together, and those from the butcher in another little bunch, and then, on top of the whole pile, laying the half a dozen or more bills that represented the children's new clothes, and the cake, and all the flagrant acts of independence which had come from living on Liberty Street.

The little sheaf of bills was in his hand! Had he been running it over while he waited? All the things she had done that she had never before dreamed of doing on her own initiative lay revealed there in those merciless little black figures. Had Walker already found her out? On the threshold of that little room Mary Tuck stood, a self-convicted little sinner. She felt a sudden desire to turn about and flee from the grieved look she knew must come to Walker's dear face. He could not keep on smiling. What would he say when he opened his lips?

"Good gracious, I'm thankful they're gone! Now I can get my proper allow-

ance of kisses—it's about time! Mary, little old lady, aren't you glad to see me?" He had her in his arms, his big voice booming tenderly in her ears. "I'm so glad to see you, I could eat you! If those Guilded women had stayed much longer—but I'm glad you had 'em here, now it's over. You must mix with folks more, dear. That's one of the things I thought of, off there alone. And another thing was that you must have a check-book of your own for convenience. Goodness knows why I never thought of it before! Nice little blue checks, Mary, to sign nice little 'Mary Tucks' to! I stopped on the way up—I guess it's good for a man to go away once in a lifetime and lie awake nights missing his wife. Wakes him up other ways. Mary!" For she was sobbing in his arms.

"The—the bills I ran up," she cried brokenly. "Jan's clothes and Georgia's, and I got a rug for the hall—"

"Mighty pretty one, too. I noticed first thing. And I say, Mary, you must have got a bargain in the boy's suit, if the cloth's good. He looks fine in it. I've been watching the young scamp out of the window. And Georgia, too—grown up while her old dad was away! They're mighty good-looking youngsters, the span of 'em. Mary, look up here—my neck's all wet!"

She never clearly remembered just the order of things that happened then in that little room—whether Walker kissed her or she kissed Walker next; who laughed first or which it was that claimed to have been homesickest. It was not until she got away alone that she came quite to herself. And then, only the one thought repeated itself over and over in her brain at first. Walker was so dear—Walker was so dear!

"Mary Tuck!" she cried aloud after that moment, "it was not Walker at all—it was you! All this time—from the beginning. You, Mary Tuck! You made your own bed and tucked yourself into it and didn't know enough to get out, till you thought you were bedridden! And all the time you kept blaming Walker because you did not find it a comfortable bed. Poor Walker!"

She laughed aloud. Well, she was out of bed now! A sudden access of energy seized her as she heard the clock in the next room striking five. Walker must be so hungry—

"Jan! Georgia!" where were those children? She wanted a fire built at once.

"Oh, here you are! Jan, a fire in the kitchen stove, dear; and, Georgia, you get out the kneading-board and flour things. I'm going to make Father's biscuit early.

She could not wait to make biscuit for Father to-night.

More sold than all other packaged coffees combined



FOR many years, Arbuckles' Coffee has been used in more American homes than all other packaged coffees combined, and its sale is increasing.

It is this enormous sale that makes it possible to give the splendid value for which Arbuckles' is famous.

The moment that this coffee was brought out, years ago, its popularity began.

The final step in Arbuckle convenience. You can now get Arbuckles' Coffee "Ground" as well as "Whole Bean"

As so many people now want to buy their coffee ground, Arbuckles' is put up in that way too, in an extra sealed, moisture-proof wrapper. This is the final step in Arbuckle convenience and satisfaction, thus making this coffee suit every need and preference.

No. 284—Brush, Mirror and Comb. 49 signatures and 2c stamp.

No. 279—Silver-finished aluminum Salt and Pepper Shakers. 8 signatures and 2c stamp.

No. 260—Neck Chain and Pendant of solid rolled gold plate. 28 signatures and 2c stamp.

No. 261—Bracelet of solid rolled gold plate with flower design. 25 signatures and 2c stamp.

People liked its rich, delicious flavor; the sealed package which kept it fresh and protected it from moisture and store odors.

They liked it because it was always 16 ounces to the pound; all pure, honest coffee and always the same; because they could rely on their coffee every morning.

Beautiful useful things, FREE!

Arbuckles' Premiums are almost as famous as Arbuckles' Coffee.

In every state of the Union you will find homes made more comfortable and more beautiful by these valuable gifts.

These fine premiums are given free of cost to users of Arbuckles' Coffee. All you have to do to get them is to save the Arbuckle Brothers' signatures, which are on every package.

Begin now to drink Arbuckles' Coffee and save these valuable signatures.

Special First Premium Offer

To enable you to get your first Arbuckle Premium right away, so that you can learn for yourself the wonderful value of these presents, we will accept the coupon in the lower corner of this advertisement as equal to five signatures. Cut it out now and save it.

No. 333—Only 61 signatures and 2c stamp are needed to bring this catcher's mitt. Durable tan leather, well padded.

No. 272—Boy's league Leather Baseball Glove. Strongly made of good leather, felt padded, pliable. 24 signatures and 2c stamp.



This coupon worth 5 signatures

Arbuckle Brothers will accept and count this coupon as 5 signatures, in earning any Arbuckle premium. (Only one coupon accepted from any one person or family.) Write today for new premium catalog. Address

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New York

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WE Pay all Mail or Express Charges



6M96 Chic Summer Hat
for Ladies or Misses,
made of beautiful
quality soft,
flexible Wool
Felt. Has soft
crown and
flexible and
adjustable brim
trimmed around crown
with Roman
striped band
in harmonizing colors.
Diameter of
brim 13
inches. Colors:
white or navy
blue or
big
bargain.
Price,
Postage
Paid by
Us, \$1.25.

**2M97 Cool
Comfortable, Be-
coming Little
Summer Blouse
Waist**
made of fine
quality
striped
Japanese
Silk.
A beautiful soft,
lustrous fabric which
is all pure silk. Stylish pointed effect Georgette collar is of
sheer white organdie, and the cuffs which finish the short
sleeves are of organdie to match. Blouse fastens with fine
pearl buttons and has elastic band at waist. Colors: white
ground with blue, lavender or black stripes. Sizes 32 to 44
bust measure. Special Summer Bargain Price, Postage
Paid by Us, \$1.00.

We Satisfy You or Refund your Money



**6M98 Smart
Watteau Hat**, of
finely woven
glossy Jap-
anese Satin
Straw. Has
slightly
drooping brim
and low, flat
crown. It is
worn tilted
slightly to one
side, and has
straw band
beneath, cov-
ered with
velvet ribbon,
finished with
a velvet
bow. The
hat shows
a tasteful
velvet
ribbon
bow and band
trimming ar-
ranged around
the brim. Colors:
black with
green
velvet, also in
burnt straw
trimmed with
black velvet.
Splendid
value. Postage
Paid by Us,
\$1.98.

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Dresden Flowered
Blouse Waist**,
made of quality
soft sheer Jap-
anese (a mixture of silk
and Cotton) having silk Jaquard polka dots in self color,
and beautiful two-toned Dresden figures. Has short kimono
sleeves, also the new semi-standing Georgette collar of white
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22M95 A 16-button length Glove made of genuine Tricot
Silk, very lustrous, 23 inches in length. Has double finger-
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NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Utilizing the Summer Vegetables

By GEORGETTE WATERS

VEGETABLES are such an important part of healthful diet that they are worthy quite the same interest and care in their preparation as the chef gives to cooking and serving fish, fowls, and meats with



well blended, add one and a half cupfuls of hot milk. Drain the onions, arrange them in a baking-dish, and pour the sauce over them. Cover with buttered bread-crums, and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

SAUTÉD ARTICHOKES.—Cut into quarters six fine artichokes, and remove the chokes. Trim the leaves and parboil in salted water for eight minutes; then drain. Arrange them in a granite frying-pan, season with salt and pepper, pour over all half a cupful of melted butter, and add six mushrooms, chopped fine. Cover and cook in a slow oven for thirty minutes. Serve with Hollandaise sauce.

CABBAGE ROLLS

1 pound of pork tenderloin, chopped
1 medium-sized onion, grated
½ cupful of cooked rice
3 medium-sized tomatoes
1 large onion, chopped
3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar
2 tablespoonfuls of sugar
8 large cabbage leaves
1½ teaspoonfuls of salt
¼ teaspoonful of cayenne

Mix meat, salt, cayenne, grated onion, and rice. If the cabbage leaves are too

crisp to roll, place in warm water for five minutes. Divide the meat and roll each portion in a leaf, fastening with skewer. Put in a kettle, add tomatoes, onion, vinegar and sugar. Pour over them

two cupfuls of boiling water, and simmer uncovered until cabbage is tender.



SWEET AND SOUR STRING BEANS

1 quart of wax beans
1 tablespoonful of flour
1 quart of boiling water
2 tablespoonfuls of sugar
2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar
1½ teaspoonfuls of salt
½ teaspoonful of white pepper
½ teaspoonful of onion-juice

Wash, string, and break beans in inch pieces. Cook in boiling, salted water until tender, then drain, saving one cupful of the bean-water for the sauce. Melt the butter and add the flour; then the hot bean-water, sugar, salt, pepper, and vinegar. Boil, and add beans. Serve hot.

STRING BEANS A LA SOUTHERN

4 quarts of small string beans
1 teaspoonful of salt
2 slices of smoked ham
1 medium-sized onion

Wash the beans through two waters, remove strings, and break into inch pieces. Cover with boiling water to which has been added a teaspoonful of salt, and bring to the boiling point. Lower the fire so the beans will boil slowly, and allow to cook for two hours. Add the onion and the two slices of ham, and return to the fire. Cook for two hours longer. At the end of third hour, if much water remains, remove the cover, and let water boil away.





PICNIC DELICACIES

By ELIZABETH ARMSTEAD

THE first thing to think of in connection with an all-day picnic is allaying thirst. Crackers, cake, candy, and sandwiches are all thirst-producing, and some provision must be made to quench it. If you are sure that the water supply where you are going is uncontaminated, take along one or two bottles of lemonade sirup, and dilute for drinking; if you are not certain, take your own supply of water and thirst-reducing refreshments. One of our favorite ways of combating thirst is to skin and ice several large, luscious tomatoes; wrap in selected lettuce leaves and then in paraffin paper, eating them without dressing, as the mustard



INCLUDE DRINKABLES IN THE HAMPER

and pepper in the latter defeat the purpose of the tomatoes. Oranges are equally good; grape-juice, diluted and bottled, is easy to carry, and refreshing. Any of the following delicacies will add greatly to the contents of the hamper:

LEMONADE SIRUP.—Use four cupfuls of water, two cupfuls of sugar, the juice of three lemons and rind of one. Cook till thick, and bottle in sterilized bottles till wanted. At serving time, add the juice of half a fresh lemon to the sirup. Dilute in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls of sirup to a glass of water.

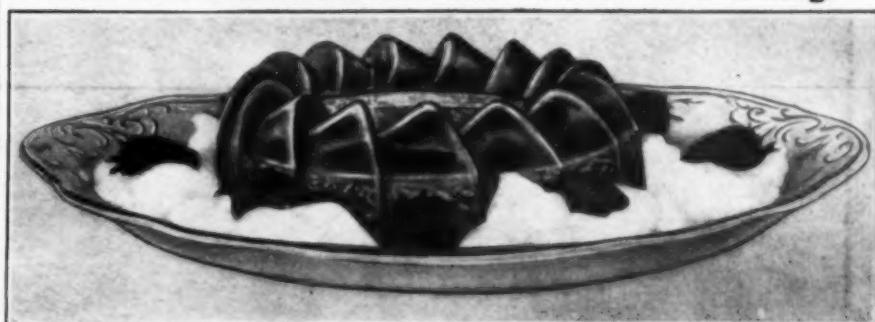
BUTTERFLIES.—Make a puff paste and roll very thin. Cut into butterfly shapes, pinch the center to imitate the butterfly's body, brush with white of egg and powdered sugar, and bake till crisp.

DATE BARS.—Use one cupful of sugar, one cupful of butter, four cupfuls of rolled oats, four cupfuls of sifted flour, four level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, all thoroughly rubbed together. Moisten with a very little warm water, and roll into thin cookies. Spread with mashed dates, fold over into rolls, and bake in a moderate oven.

CANDIED ORANGE-PEEL.—Cut the orange-peel, after removing much of the white pulp, into very thin, long strips. Place in cold water and bring to the boiling-point. Draw back, drain, and repeat twice. Then measure the amount of peel, add an equal quantity of sugar

[Continued on page 62]

Desserts that are Not the "Same Old Thing."



The ideal dessert for warm weather is composed largely of fruit, and so we are giving recipes for some delicious combinations of fruit and Jell-O. You who know most about cool and sparkling

JELL-O

need not be told that strawberries and Jell-O, cherries and Jell-O, and raspberries or blackberries or peaches and Jell-O not only make lovely hot-weather desserts, but that all such Jell-O dishes can be made without hot kitchen work.

Delmonico Dessert.

The name of this delicious dish, shown in the picture above, is very appropriate, for, like Delmonico, who was the greatest American restaurateur, this fine dessert deserves a place in the culinary temple of fame.

Dissolve a package of Strawberry or Raspberry Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. Pour a small quantity in a fancy mould, and when it is hard enough cover it with ripe strawberries cut in halves and sprinkle shredded cocoanut over them. Pour in more Jell-O, allow it to harden as before, then lay in more strawberries and again sprinkle cocoanut. Put in a cold place to harden. When ready to serve heap whipped cream around the base and stud with strawberries.

Orange Jell-O.

This is another of those delightful dishes that can be made up either with or without fruit. Like all the other Jell-O flavors, Orange Jell-O derives its fine flavor from the fruit itself.

Dissolve a package of Orange Jell-O in a pint of boiling water and when it is partially cooled pour it into glasses, leaving enough room for whipped cream at the top. Fruit may be placed in the Jell-O before it hardens. Lay candied violets or a sprig of green on the whipped cream.



Jell-O Cream and Berries.

The different combinations of Jell-O with strawberries and cream appeal to every appetite, and in this recipe one of the finest dishes of the kind is described.

Pour one and one-half cups of sugar over two quarts of strawberries, ripe and sweet, and let them stand for two hours. Dissolve two packages of Strawberry Jell-O in one and one-half pints of boiling water and pour in a tubed cake tin or border mould. Let it thicken, not harden, and to this add the sweetened strawberries. Set away until firm, then turn out on a platter and fill the cavity in the center with whipped cream. Pile whipped cream on top, in which are set fine large strawberries.

Cherry Mellow.

The indefinable piquancy of flavor which appeals most strongly to the "summer appetite" is one of the finer Jell-O qualities. Cherry Jell-O is particularly satisfactory in this respect. Of course, cherries or other fruit, instead of marshmallows, can be used in making up this "Cherry Mellow" recipe. The dessert is a beautiful one.

Dissolve a package of Cherry Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. When it begins to harden, put in marshmallows as shown in the picture, or in any position desired. When hard, serve in slices, with or without whipped cream.



The latest Jell-O book, with pictures by Rose Cecil O'Neill, author and illustrator of "The Kewpies," contains a large number of recipes for new Jell-O desserts. It will be sent free to all who write and ask us for it.

Jell-O is put up in seven pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Orange, Lemon, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Each in a separate package, 10 cents at any grocer's or any general store.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters.

Be sure you get JELL-O and not something else.





Put Crisco to this Test

A SEVERE test for any shortening is its use in hot bread. Make some Crisco biscuit; they are delicate—in looks, odor and taste. They are light and daintily brown. Break one open and you will be delighted with the appetizing aroma, free from any suggestion of lard. They are just as wholesome and digestible as their delicacy promises.

You will find equally as attractive points about Crisco in other branches of cooking. For instance, you can fry without smoke and odor. You can use the same Crisco for frying all manner of foods and all will have a new wholesomeness.

You can make a light rich cake with Crisco which will keep fresh and moist longer. You will obtain delicious, digestible and economical foods by knowing Crisco better.



Below is a good biscuit recipe, or you may use your own favorite recipe by using from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ less Crisco than you would of lard. Note how Crisco stands the test.

Baking Powder Biscuits

2 cupful flour	1 teaspoonful salt
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder	$\frac{1}{4}$ cupful milk
(Level measurements)	
2 tablespoonsful Crisco	

Sift together the dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly with the Crisco, using a knife or spoon, and add gradually the milk, mixing with a knife to a soft dough. Toss on floured board, pat and roll to one-half inch in thickness. Shape with a biscuit cutter, place on a floured tin and bake in a hot oven 12 or 15 minutes.

New Cook Book and "Calendar of Dinners"

This new book by Marion Harris Neil, Cookery Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, gives 250 original recipes, is attractively illustrated, and tells many interesting and valuable facts about cooking and food products. It also tells the interesting story of Crisco's discovery and manufacture. It is free. There is also a quality edition of this book containing a total of 615 Neil Recipes and a Calendar of Dinners—365 menus of original and tasty meals. This book is bound in blue and gold cloth. The regular price of the book is twenty-five cents. To those answering this advertisement it will be sent for five 2-cent stamps. In writing for either book, address Dept. L-7, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.



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The glass door eliminates guesswork and worry. Without opening it you can see your bakenings brown perfectly—never burning or chilling them. No heat is wasted, no time lost. **The Boss saves fuel.** It is fully asbestos lined, heats in two minutes, bakes uniformly.

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THE HUENEFELD CO., 601 Valley St., Cincinnati, O.



Sold by
Dealers Everywhere



PICNIC DELICACIES

[Continued from page 61]

and enough hot water to moisten till the sugar melts. Cook until the peel is clear. Remove from the sirup, and roll in granulated sugar, placing in the oven to dry slowly. Citron can be treated similarly.

LOBSTER SALAD SANDWICHES.—Mix the cold cooked lobster with mayonnaise and spread on gluten bread. These sandwiches will keep splendidly.

In spreading a great many sandwiches, try creaming the butter first; in the case of meat filling, mince the meat, mix with the butter, and spread with one motion. Also, in going through the pile of cut bread, lift two pieces at a time, the upper of one sandwich and the under of the next, to facilitate the work.

Mayonnaise and butter should be carried in jelly glasses, not spread at home on the sandwiches.

BRAMBLES.—Make a plain paste, and cut into strips one inch by four, and bake. Whip the white of one egg and spread on strips; dust with powdered sugar and a few drops of lemon-juice, and set as many chopped seeded raisins on each piece as it will hold. Brown delicately in the oven, or cover with another strip of paste, and ice with white icing.



SALAD SANDWICHES KEEP FRESH

CHOCOLATE CHIPS.—Mix one pound of light-brown sugar, one cupful of water, and one saltspoonful of cream of tartar. Boil until the sirup becomes brittle when dropped in cold water. When taken from the fire, add vanilla and turn out on a marble slab or in a shallow pan. When cool, fold in the edges, roll out very thin, and cut into strips with a sharp knife. Dip into melted chocolate coating.

GELATIN MARSHMALLOWS.—Soak half a box of gelatin (two tablespoonfuls) in ten tablespoonfuls of cold water. Boil two cupfuls of granulated sugar with one cupful of water till it threads. Pour over the gelatin, and beat hard until stiff. Add vanilla or peppermint flavoring, and pour about half an inch thick into a pan dusted with corn-starch or powdered sugar. When cold, cut into cubes and dredge with powdered sugar. Nuts may be added; fruit-juice used instead of water will give a fresh, rich flavor.

[Concluded on page 63]



PICNIC DELICACIES

[Continued from page 62]

LITTLE CHEESE CAKES.—Line small patty-pans with a rich pie paste and fill with the following: one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of sweet milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter, the yolks of four eggs, juice and rind of a lemon, and a scant cupful of sugar. Put both cupfuls of milk in the double boiler and heat till the curd separates. Strain off the whey, add the butter to the curd, then the sugar, well-beaten eggs, and lemon. It will take from ten to fifteen minutes to set in the center.

CHOCOLATE ROLL.—Beat the yolks of three eggs till light-colored and thick. Add a quarter cupful of sugar and continue beating. Mix a quarter cupful of powdered chocolate or cocoa with two tablespoonfuls of hot water, and add to the sugar and yolks. Fold in a quarter cupful of pastry flour, a pinch of salt, the beaten whites of three eggs, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in a thin sheet in a shallow pan for three-quarters of an hour. When done, remove to a sheet of waxed paper, and spread with the whip from half a pint of sweetened and flavored cream. Roll, tie, and wrap in paper.

STREISEL KUCHEN.—Sift two cupfuls of flour with one cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt, and three level tablespoonfuls of baking-powder. Take half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of lard, and work into the first mixture, as for pie paste. Put an egg into a measuring-cup, fill with milk, and combine with the flour and shortening mixture. Pour into a shallow pan, and dot with one and a half cupfuls of buttered crumbs which have been dusted with powdered cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

PEANUT-FIG SANDWICHES.—Chop fine a quarter of a pound of figs; add to them a quarter of a cupful of water, and cook to a smooth paste. Add one-third of a cupful of peanuts, ground and mixed to a paste with the juice of a lemon. When cold, spread on thin slices of white bread or cake. Dates or raisins may be substituted for figs.

CHOCOLATE WAFERS.—Spread round wafers on a baking-sheet, and lay a chocolate cream on the center of each one. Set them in the oven until the candy has melted and the wafers are toasted.

Editor's Note.—Questions in regard to preparing any of the receipts mentioned in this issue of the magazine will be cheerfully answered through the mail by our Cooking Editor, Mrs. Armstead, who will be glad, also, to supply advice as to any cookery problems which may confront our readers, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the inquiry.



Tell Them to Serve Van Camp's

Remember, Mrs. Housewife, the Van Camp chefs when you want ready-cooked meals this summer.

The whole corps is at your command. And they have prepared a dish of Baked Beans which men like better than others.

It is more than a great dish. It has completely upset all the old-time ideas of Baked Beans. It has made a delicacy of this national dish. In millions of homes and in thousands of restaurants it has displaced the kinds they used to serve—the mushy and broken, the crisp and the hard.

And it comes with the sauce baked into it—a matchless sauce, with a tang and zest excelling anything else you know.

This dish, with the fresh oven flavor, can be kept in the pantry—dozens of meals—ready for serving hot or cold. And the cost is but three cents per serving.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH
TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

It is not mere convenience that suggests Van Camp's. It is utterly impossible to get a dish like this in any other way. The ablest chefs have tried it. But men won't have their Baked Beans when they know Van Camp's.

We pick out our beans by analysis. Tomatoes are specially grown for our sauce, and picked at their ruddy redness. We bake in live steam, kept from contact with the beans, and thus get mellow wholeness.

But let this dish tell its own story. A single taste will tell its supremacy. Then stock up the pantry for the times that are coming when you want ready-cooked meals in a hurry.

And remember, when these Baked Beans delight you, that the same chefs and same kitchens produce other good things.

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WHAT GOOD FORM DEMANDS

A Department Devoted to Good Manners and Social Usages

Conducted by VIRGINIA RANDOLPH

JULY will find many of us at the summer hotels, for this is a great vacation month. Nowhere do "manners make the man" so absolutely as when we go a-traveling, for we are surrounded by strangers, and it is the custom and privilege of strangers to judge us by our behavior; so, while planning our vacation dresses and bonnets, let us also plan our vacation manners.

To the girl who is entering a hotel for the first time, the surroundings are confusing to a degree. Boys in blue uniforms are rushing about, and all around the open lobby sit groups of men apparently regarding her critically. Here knowledge is confidence, however, and, once you know what to do, you will feel little embarrassment. If you have come in a cab, a boy has probably taken your bag at the door, and you need only follow him to the desk; if not, you can easily find the desk for yourself, and be sure to make full inquiries before selecting a room.

If you wish to make your trip inexpensively, ask the clerk the price of his least expensive rooms. If it is any more than you wish to give, tell him so and seek out some other hotel. If he has a room at your price, tell him that you will take it. He will then ask you to register—that is, sign your name in the hotel book—and will call a bell-boy to take you to your room. Should your stay be for but one night, you can, doubtless, put up with any accommodation; but, if you are to make a stay of any length, see that you get a pleasant room.

A married woman seats herself in the lobby while her husband registers and inquires about the room. There is nothing so ill-bred as for a wife to stand at her husband's side and constantly interrupt or criticize his conversation with the clerk. You may not have confidence in your husband's choice, but good breeding requires that you assume such confidence in public. If you do not like the room, you can tell him when you and he are alone; but he must make his own arrangements at the desk.

If a party of friends meet a young woman at the station, and go with her to the hotel, she should ask them to wait

for her in the parlors while she engages her room and registers. She does not allow her men friends to do this for her.

The question "What shall I wear?" continually recurs. At hotels, this question is most urgent at meal-times. A safe rule to remember is that a coat-suit, with a dressy blouse and a small hat, is in good taste for every meal in any public dining-room. Simple dark silk or cloth dresses are also suited to wear at a hotel breakfast or luncheon, and, in summer, white waists and skirts. Hats are unnecessary when you are staying in the hotel. For the evening dinner, light dressy frocks may be worn, but décolleté gowns are to be avoided.

THE problem of what to order at the first hotel meal brings embarrassment to many a novice, for a hotel menu-card is filled with strange words, and an impatient waiter only makes matters worse. I once knew a young woman who betook herself to a fashionable restaurant with the intention of treating herself to a wonderful à la carte luncheon. But the

menu-card was printed in French, and the waiter seemed to be Dutch, so all she could think of to order was Irish stew and prunes.

Then she went home and cried about it. For breakfast, the conventional order is fruit, cereal, eggs, rolls, and coffee. Luncheon may be as light as you please. A club sandwich and iced tea; soup, a pâté, and a sweet; or chops, potatoes, and French pastry

make sensible orders. A simple dinner would consist of soup, fish or meat, vegetables, dessert, and coffee. A girl staying alone in a family hotel and taking regular meals does not necessarily tip after each meal.

The hotel parlors are at your service, and all men callers, even brothers and cousins, are received there. When calling on friends who are staying at a hotel, go to the parlors and ring for a boy, who will take your visiting-card to your friend. Inquiring at the desk and in the lobby is unnecessary and not in good taste.

Every room in a modern hotel has a telephone, where you can call the office

[Concluded on page 65]



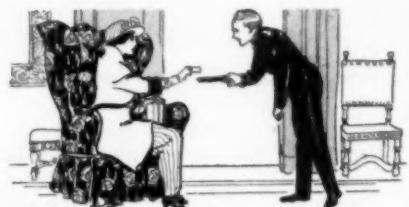
THE HOTEL CLERK
WILL ASK YOU TO
REGISTER



WHAT GOOD FORM DEMANDS

[Continued from page 61]

or any room in the hotel without charge. Meals will be served in the rooms at small extra cost. The most up-to-date hotels have an ice-water faucet; but failing this, you can always obtain ice-water by ringing for the bell-boy. You can send your shoes down and have them blacked at any hour of the day at regular prices. Manicuring and hair-dressing parlors are found in most of the hotels, and prove a great convenience to women. If you wish, you can telephone to the office, and always get the chamber-maid to come and fasten your gown or help with your dressing, and only a small tip is expected. At the desk, you will be furnished with a free list of attractions in town, and, by applying at the office, you can get theater tickets without leaving the hotel.



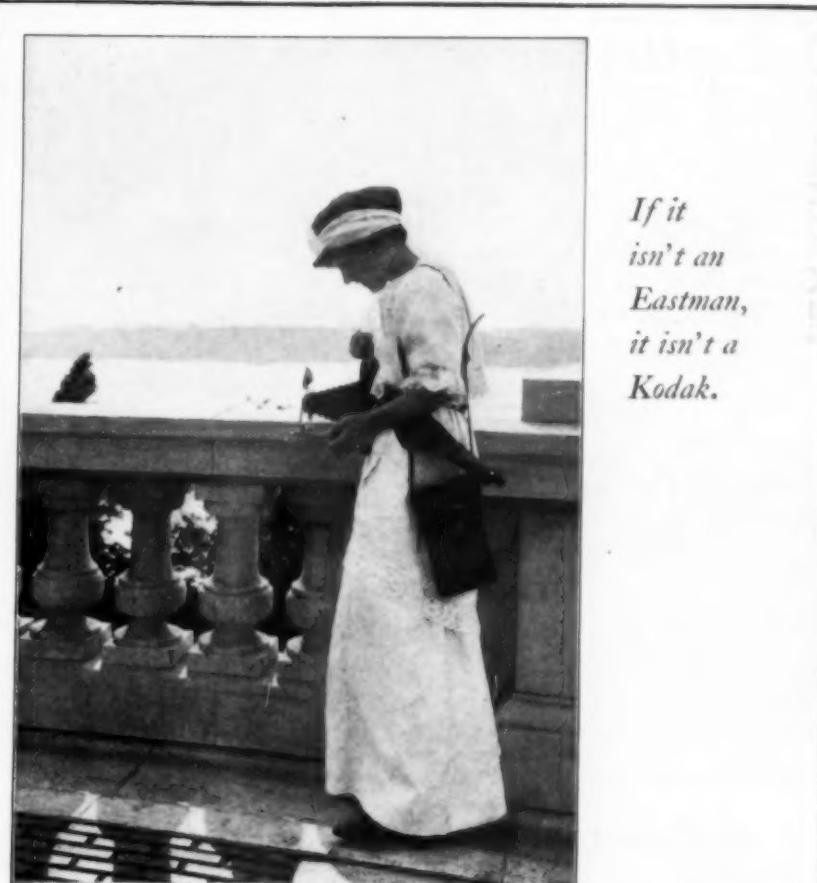
A BELL-BOY WILL TAKE YOUR CARD TO YOUR FRIENDS AT A HOTEL

If there is a man in the party, the women enjoy the happy exemption of their sex, and he does the tipping.

If a girl is staying alone at a hotel, she will find that small tips liberally applied will make her stay pleasanter. It is best to reckon on such expenditures when planning your hotel expenses. The bell-boys, chambermaids, and waiters are the chief ones who profit from this.

The most important point in hotel etiquette, however, and one which young girls often overlook, is this: No lady will make herself conspicuous in dress, talk, or manner when in public. There are men of lax manners lounging about even the best hotels, and the well-bred woman does nothing to attract their attention. She will refrain from lingering in corridors, or laughing or talking loudly. To make mistakes on other questions of etiquette may simply mean that a woman is inexperienced, but to make the mistake of being noisy in public can only mean that she lacks refinement and culture.

Editor's Note.—All of us have been placed at times in some unfamiliar situation which has embarrassed or confused us. "What should I do?" we ask ourselves, and this department is planned to answer that question for our readers. Miss Randolph will be glad to reply to all questions, if a stamped envelope is enclosed.



If it
isn't an
Eastman,
it isn't a
Kodak.

The Kodak Girl

Every trip that is worth taking, is worth a Kodak story. The city girl's trip to the country, the country girl's trip to the city, any girl's trip to the sea-shore or the mountains—in all of these are picture stories of the interesting places and the still more interesting people.

And picture taking with a Kodak or Brownie is very simple—and less expensive than you think.

*Catalogue free at your dealer's
or by mail.*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Cooks Six Dishes On One Gas Burner

You can cook the whole dinner for a family of eight at one time in the Harter Automatic Cook. Consumes less gas than a single open burner. Send for our valuable new cook-book and learn how it works. Made on scientific double-boiler principle. Every part pure aluminum. Connects to any gas jet or gas stove. It bakes, boils, broils, steams, sterilizes, stews, and fries. Just put the food in. Go away and leave it. Food is perfectly cooked when you come back. Cannot possibly burn.

Guaranteed to Save Half Your Gas or More

Let us tell you about our unlimited guarantee to cut your cooking gas consumption in half. We sell the Harter Automatic Cook on easy payments. If it fails to satisfy you and cook better than you thought possible, we take it back at our expense. Be sure to write for particulars. Nothing like it ever before invented.



New Recipe Book Free

When we receive your request we will mail you a new cook-book containing over 300 recipes for new ways to cook food. Absolutely free to you. Drop us a postcard today.

Splendid openings for exclusive agents in good territory.

The Harter Company
202 Madison Street
Waukegan, Ill.

A Flavor That Tastes Like a Luxury

Especially in the summer time when cooling desserts flavored with

Mapleine

are so acceptable—mousse, parfait, ice cream, ices, whipped cream, frosty cakes, uncooked icing, custard—mapleine makes them deliciously different.

1-oz. 20c, 2-oz. 35c
at grocers or write

CRESCENT MFG. CO.
Dept. K
Seattle, Washington

Recipe Book sent for 2c stamp



The Name

Freeman

On

**Face
Powder**

Means
Highest Quality

25c



SUMMER WORK FOR OUR NEEDLES

[Continued from page 48]

side of the material she stamped a coronation-rose pattern, 15 inches wide, with an irregular scalloped edge, which turns back to form an embroidered band around the face. About three inches up from this band effect she has placed two clusters of the roses, with dots and leaves, about 8½ inches apart.

The little roses are made of pink coronation braid, the dots are in pale-pink silk floss French knots. The leaves

are worked with the lazy-daisy stitch in green silk floss, and the stems are outlined in the same shade. The rose is surrounded by a circle outlined in pink, and the scalloped edge buttonholed in pink silk to match.

All the girls admire this design very much, and want to use it on various

things. Tess plans to embroider it upon a blue mull waist, using all white. Bertha thinks it would be very handsome on a corset-cover; and Jo says she would like a complete outfit decorated with the pattern; little linen slippers, kimono, and cap, all on white with pink embroidery.

Not until late afternoon did this lively meeting of the club adjourn. The members agreed that each had accomplished a good stint of work, and Jo laughingly admitted that it was the only way she could ever really get anything done. An early date was suggested for the next club meeting, to which all eagerly assented.

Editor's Note.—A McCall Kaumagraph pattern of any of these designs for 10 cents at any McCall pattern agency, or postpaid from The McCall Company, New York City. These are not supplied stamped on material. Miss Thomas will gladly answer inquiries, if stamped envelope is enclosed. McCall's Book of Embroidery and Needlework gives directions and illustrations for popular stitches. It shows latest ideas for embroidery, and five hundred transfer designs. Price, in United States, 15 cents; by mail, 20 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents; one transfer pattern free.



DETAIL OF SCALLOPED EDGE
Transfer Design No. 607, 10 cents

Does Your CHURCH Need Money?

**The McCall Company will
help solve your problem**



Christian Union Church, Homer, Ind.

We Gave This Church \$70.00

Miss Dessie Lower, secretary of the Christian Union Aid Society connected with the above church, writes us as follows:

"We sincerely thank the McCall Company for the liberality shown, and recommend their plan to other churches in need of money."

Our Offer to Your Church

will be fully explained to you without any obligation on your part. We will give your church \$70.00 for a little easy spare-time effort of several women members. We also make a donation to every church accepting our simple Co-operative Church-Fund-Raising Plan. Less trouble, less work, and more satisfactory in every way than Church Fairs, Entertainments, Basket Festivals, Chicken Dinners, Cake and Ice-Cream Socials. It costs you nothing for particulars—it costs you nothing to try it.

Write at once for free pamphlet "How Other Churches Have Raised Money", and Our Offer to Your Church.

Church-Fund-Raising Dept.

THE McCALL COMPANY
236 West 37th St. New York City



EMBROIDERY FOR ODD MOMENTS

[Continued from page 49]

An exquisite floral design for a baby's "dress-up" bib (No. 10407) has flowers and leaves in satin-stitch, the dots in French knots, and stems outlined.

(This bib design, No. 10407, stamped on handkerchief linen, 9x12 inches, 15 cents; embroidery cotton, 10 cents extra).



NO. 10407—A DAINTY BIB,
STAMPED ON HANKER-
CHIEF LINEN, 15 CENTS

padded before embroidering. The tulips and outside of initial are worked in satin-stitch; inside of initial design in outline.

(This pillow-case design, No. 10402, stamped on tubing 22x36 inches; single case, 45 cents; pair, 85 cents; embroidery cotton 25 cents extra; all free for four 50-cent subscriptions. A perforated pattern, No. 10408, for 6 sizes any one initial, style used on pillow-case, 15 cents.)



NO. 10390—DRESSER-SCARF,
STAMPED ON LINEN, 70 CENTS

(This towel-end design, No. 10403, stamped on cotton huck, 15½x24 inches, 25 cents; on linen huck, 14½x24 inches, 50 cents, or free for two 50-cent subscriptions. Embroidery cotton, 10 cents extra.)

A beautiful dresser-scarf has a design (No. 10390) of flowers and scrolls developed in satin-stitch and eyelets.

(This scarf design, No. 10390, stamped on linen, 18x54 inches, 70 cents; free for three 50-cent subscriptions. Embroidery cotton, 25 cents extra.)

*Editor's Note.—A perforated pattern of any design on these pages, 15 cents; preparation and directions for stamping included. Our 24-page book, *Latest Ideas in Embroidery Designs*, price 10 cents, free to McCall readers for 2-cent stamp.*



They Call It the "Good-Night Dish"

Every night, countless happy children have Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk at bedtime. And even more grown-ups, when the evening is over, gather around this dish.

Try it and find out why. Here are whole grains puffed to eight times normal size. Thin, crisp, toasted bubbles—fragile morsels with an almond taste. Imagine how inviting are these dainty wafers floating in bowls of milk.

Prof. Anderson's Supper

They call this Prof. Anderson's supper, for you owe this Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice to him. By his process alone are whole grains made so easily and completely digestible.

A hundred million steam explosions have occurred in each kernel. Every food granule has been blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice do not tax the stomach.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c**

*Except in
Extreme
West*

Ways to Enjoy Them

Do more than serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice for breakfast. Try them in different ways. For each is distinct in its flavor.

Serve them with sugar and cream, mix them with your berries, use them in candy making. Scatter the grains like nut meats over a dish of ice cream. Eat them dry like peanuts, or douse them with melted butter.

These are all-day foods. When the children are hungry—whatever the hour—the best food you can give them is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(596)

B&B Absorbent Cotton

In a Patent Package

Bars Out Germs

The vital thing in Absorbent Cotton is to keep it free from germs. Every touch contaminates it. Then, for many uses, it becomes unsafe.

B & B Cotton is *twice sterilized*, then sealed in an air-tight package—in a patent protective package.

In using the Cotton the roll doesn't come out. All you don't use stays wrapped and protected, just as it left our laboratory.

B & B Cotton stays aseptic. A Cotton which doesn't is risky.

It is also soft, springy, immensely absorbent. Our experts have spent 25 years in perfecting it. You get the utmost in Absorbent when you ask for B & B.

Please remember this.

10c up—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Home Uses for Absorbent

For dressing wounds. Absorbing discharges. Covering salves and poultices. Applying antiseptics. Bathing eyes. Absorbing perspiration. Applying face powder. Filtering baby's milk. Corking milk bottles. Straining liquids, etc.

Send for Free Sample

Write today for liberal sample cake, free, of Sempre Giovine, the famous skin cleanser and beautifier.

Enough for seven days use. Rose water and soap delight you. Send today.

Queen of the Moving Picture Stage, says:

"I have used Sempre Giovine thoroughly. I am glad to recommend it, and use it myself in preference to any other."

Kathlyn Sempre Giovine

Pronounced Sem-Pree Yo-vine
Meaning "Always Young"

Cleans and freshens the skin. Clears the complexion. Brings color to the cheeks. Comes in a fragrance cake. Convenient and portable. For years the choice of beautiful women. At druggists and department stores—50c.

Write Today!
Send letter or postcard at once for liberal sample, free and postpaid. Send dealer's name. Do it now.

Marietta Stanley Co.,
Dept. 300 Grand Rapids, Mich.



The Pink Complexion Cake

GETTING RID OF BLACKHEADS

By ANNETTE BEACON

NOTHING does so much for a woman's appearance as a clear, firm complexion. Even its color does not matter so much as its texture. A good complexion does not come from the use of cosmetics, though it can be preserved and encouraged by the use of a good cold-cream; it has its source in healthy habits of life, in proper eating, deep breathing, a natural amount of sleep, and perfect cleanliness.

One ill which can effectively mar an otherwise pretty complexion is due to nothing but a little too much haste at the bath, for blackheads are merely pores which have become clogged with the day's deposits of dust—a hasty rub with a wash-cloth, a dab of cold-cream and a fluff of powder have no effect whatever on dirt which has found lodgment in a hospitable pore. More strenuous effort is required to destroy it; yet destroy it you must, if you do not want your face faintly speckled with the pin-dots we call blackheads, and your pores enlarged by the burden they have to hold, until they become permanently distended and cover nose and chin with tiny pits.

Invest in a camel's-hair complexion brush, if you haven't one already, and use it twice daily. The face should be thoroughly scrubbed with hot, soapy water at night, especial attention being given to nose and chin. Go over and over the face, exactly as if you were scrubbing a floor, and when perfectly clean, rinse your brush, and use it to rinse the face thoroughly. After this nightly scrubbing, to prevent dryness of the skin, rub in a good massage cream.

If you happen to have a heavy crop of long-standing blackheads, you may need stronger measures than I have outlined; but, in any case, the nightly scrubbing is essential, and it should be supplemented by a morning scrubbing with warm water but no soap, followed by the application of cold water. After scrubbing the face

at night, rub into the skin a little boracic powder. If this smarts, massage in a little cold-cream. Once a week, after the nightly scrubbing, omit the boracic powder, and steam the face over a basin of very hot water, or by placing hot Turkish towels on the face and constantly replacing them; then, rinse in hot water, and spread over the face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes, wash this off and massage for several minutes.

SOAP JELLY

Castile soap 1 cake
Water 3 cupfuls
Powdered borax, 1 tablespoonful

Boil until the mixture jellies. Put in a covered glass jar, and use as wanted.

If some obstinate blackheads still remain after a couple of weeks of this treatment, use a comedone extractor after steaming the face thoroughly and rubbing in a good massage cream. This will leave temporarily a red spot, so should only be done at night before retiring. Touch the sore spot with an astringent lotion to close the pores.

ASTRINGENT LOTION

Rose-water 3 ounces
Tannic acid 5 grains
Tincture benzoin, 1/4 ounce
Elder-flower water, 1 ounce

Another beauty aid is an acne cream. If you want to compound this yourself, or have your druggist do so, I shall be glad to furnish you a formula.

Help along your campaign by looking after all eliminative functions. With these precautions, some abdominal exercises and plenty of fresh air, a

pretty color as well as a perfect texture will also be assured. If you need any special exercises, I shall be glad to suggest some for you.

Editor's Note.—It is Miss Beacon's object in this department to lend every aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance and her health. Inquiries will be cheerfully answered by mail if a stamped envelope accompanies request.





AN EGG COZY

By EVA DEAN

THE wise woman is beginning already to lay by inexpensive little gifts suitable for Christmas remembrances. The long summer days are so generous of daylight hours that even the busiest woman finds time for odds and ends of sewing or embroidery. A simple little gift, and one that can be made in an odd half-hour, is an egg cozy in imitation of a Turkish fez.

Red felt would be suitable material for the outside, and a soft, light-colored silk for the lining. Cut a circle of felt for the top of the fez, leaving the dotted circle about two inches in diameter. The slashed sections will fold down inside the cap part and hold the top in place. Tack them down with shallow stitches that do not show on the outside of the fez.



A TURKISH FEZ FOR AN EGG COZY

Make a paper pattern for the upright part by shaping a slowly sloping cone, and then cutting it off at the right place to make the top fit closely around the felt circle that you already have. Determine how deep you want it by placing it over an egg and allowing about an inch between top of egg and top of cozy.

Cut a piece of felt by this pattern, and sew it to the circle, as described above.

Make a long tassel for top of fez by winding black silk over a cardboard just the length you want tassel. When you have enough wound, slip off card, tying at one end and cutting at other.

When the tassel is in place, line the cozy. To do this, make a silk bag with a sharply rounded bottom that is a little wider than the fez at its opening, but not quite as deep. Tack this lightly to inside of fez, as close as possibly to bottom edge. Before sewing in place, stuff cotton between it and fez, making a soft cushion lining, with just enough space in center to admit an egg cosily.

FAIRY-TALE STATUES

[Continued from page 15]

Tales soon after, and, as his friends say of him, he immediately buried himself in them. The result was the group of fairy-tale statues in Friedrichs Park, where almost all the little folks in Berlin have been at one time or another to meet in person Hans, and Cinderella, and Briar Rose, and the other lads and lassies who have come down through the ages because the fairies loved them.

Resinol Soap



keeps the skin clear and fresh

Money can not buy a purer toilet soap than Resinol Soap. And, unquestionably, the healing Resinol in it keeps the complexion in a condition of health that insures clearness, freshness, and that natural beauty which cosmetics can only imitate. Resinol Soap is equally good for the hair.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol it contains. Twenty-five cents at all druggists and dealers in

toilet goods. For a guestroom size trial cake, with a miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 18-G, Resinol Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Hair Tonic clears the scalp of dandruff. Resinol Shaving Stick makes shaving a pleasure.

CARMEN
INVISIBLE
Hair Nets

Carmen Invisible Hair Nets match all shades of hair. Comply with Fashion's demands. Made in France, from a superior quality of silk, double extra twisted, which insures greatest durability. Two styles: with elastic cord; with knotted ends.
Sold at popular prices by leading merchants everywhere.

Marshall Field & Co.
Wholesale Distributors Chicago

Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use **STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream**

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet.

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?"

Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists.

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. 4 Aurora, Ill.

When answering advertisements kindly mention **McCALL'S MAGAZINE**.

WHY NOT HAVE A CLEAR SKIN



CUTICURA SOAP

Used exclusively and Cuticura Ointment occasionally will promote and maintain a clear skin, free from pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness and other unsightly eruptions.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-page book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

Insure your baby's comfort

Don't put unhealthful rubberized pants on your baby. They induce perspiration.

You know how uncomfortable you would be in a rubber garment.

When you buy waterproof pants, ask for Stork—the kind that has no rubber. They are made from a specially prepared material that is guaranteed not to leak.

The word Stork is our registered trademark. It cannot be applied, lawfully, to any product not manufactured by The Stork Co. Don't let any unscrupulous dealer trade upon the reputation of Stork. Don't allow him to sell you ordinary waterproof sheeting and pants when you ask for Stork.

For your own protection, look for the Stork trademark. If your dealer hasn't genuine Stork, send direct to The Stork Co., Dept. 6, T., Boston, Mass.



STORK
TRADE MARK

© 1925 The Stork Co.

SMART BOWS FOR HOME MILLINERS

[Continued from page 28]

nal ribbon instead of pasting it. If your ribbon is very heavy, and of a dark color, you may use ordinary glue. Be very cautious with this, however. To make this ribbon end, first measure off the ribbon for the height you wish; then, with silk thread of the same color, buttonhole on a piece of frame wire one-quarter inch from the edge of the ribbon. The stitches ought not to go through to the right side, nor be so tight that they will show dents. Slip-stitch the edges of the two pieces together with blind stitches. If you paste instead with the rubber cement, brush it over the wire near the edge of the ribbon, then lay on the lining and smooth it against the top. If the cement soaks through to the right side of the ribbon, stop handling it at that spot until the gasoline dries it more. After it is dry, make the bow, treating this end as if it were one of the loops. The ends of wire for the ribbon ends and loops ought to be left long enough to sew firmly to the frame. If they are too short, the wire will not hold the bow in place. The ends are sewed to the hat and the loop is wired with a piece of frame wire, bent the same shape, by tacking one side of the wire loop to one side of the ribbon loop, and the other side of the wire loop to the other side of the ribbon loop. The loop keeps its shape better this way than it would if both sides of the wire loop were tacked to one side of the ribbon loop.

Tack with invisible stitches, using silk thread the color of the ribbon. Tie and cut the ends of the threads, but be careful not to tie so tight that the place of the tacking can be seen.

A jaunty effect can be obtained by draping the ribbon around the crown and tying it in a butterfly bow at the right side of the front (Fig. 5). Place the stiff little bows on the tip of the crown, a little one side or the other of the front or back. They must be perky and sharp. The loops are wired with loops of frame wire and the ends with straight pieces of wire sewed with invisible stitches down through the middle. Remember to make these bows stiff—they must not flap. Tiny bunches of flowers can be arranged on the ribbon around the crown if you want the hat more dressy.

The little stand-up bow, with the long stiff ends placed on the edge of the brim,

[Continued on page 71]

Powdered Perfection
for the Complexion



Found! A powder which answers the three-fold demand made in the name of beauty—it supplies bloom and fairness with skin protection, and it lasts.

Ingram's *Velveola* *Souveraine* Face Powder 50c

At drug stores or by mail postpaid
Four tints: pink, white, flesh, brunet. Many keep two tints handy. For evening, white or brunet powder is best. For daylight, flesh or pink is best. For neck and arms, use white. Send us 2¢ postage to cover the cost of mailing and receive free a sample of Milkweed Cream, of Velveola Souveraine, of Ingram's Rouge, also Zodenta Tooth Powder.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885

Windsor, Can. 61 Tenth St., Detroit, U.S.A.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream
Preserves Good Complexions
Improves Bad Complexions
There Is Beauty In Every Jar. Price 50c and \$1.00 at druggists'.



FIG. 7—A BUNCH OF
RUBBER ROSES

"Mum"

(As easy to use as to say)

takes all the odor out
of perspiration.

Keeps you fresh and sweet
despite the natural effects of
over-heating.

A snow-white cream—will
not harm or stain. Men
use it, too.

25c at drug- and department-stores.

"Mum" Mfg Co 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

AGENTS AT LAST—A Safe Self-Heating Iron

The only KEROSENE (coal oil) iron in the world

No competition. Every woman wants a safe self-heating iron. Low priced. Every home can afford it. Standard performance enormous. Big profits. A winner for agents. Write quick for terms while your territory is still open.

Sample FREE to Workers

THOMAS IRON CO., 602 Lane Street, DAYTON, OHIO

10 Days Free Trial. Send No Money

52 Hair Switch on Approval. Send lock of hair and I will match and mail a fine 22 in. short stem human hair switch—wavy or straight. A bargain. Remit \$2 in ten days or sell 3 and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Enclose 5¢ postage. Write today for free beauty book of latest styles hair dressing, hair goods and exterior feathers. WOMEN
Dept. K 42 AGENTS
Anna Ayers, 220 So. State St., Chicago WANTED



SMART BOWS FOR HOME MILLINERS

[Continued from page 70]

is one of the latest "eccentrics" (Fig. 3). There is no need to describe this trimming except to tell you how to sew the ribbon around the edge of the hat and how to wire the little bow. Draw the ribbon tight around the edge of the frame so that one-quarter inch of it is on the under-side and the rest of the width is on the upper side. Blind-stitch it in place by taking the stitches in the selvage on the under-side and tiny ones through the top-side. This will make the ribbon frill a little on top of the brim. Cut a piece of ribbon long enough to make the stick-up bow as high as you want. Three-quarters of a yard is a good average. Lay the wire, same length, under the selvage on one side; turn the edge of the ribbon over the wire and blind-stitch, taking the stitches through the selvage line on one side. Bend the bow into shape and sew a piece of the ribbon over the middle of the bow for the knot. These long ends ought to be made to stand up as stiff as quills—they must not wobble.

Although bows for hats are perhaps the most important consideration, vacation-time brings almost as much demand for bows and trimmings for beach- and bathing-costumes. This summer no bathing-costume is complete without rubber bouquets or bows, or trimmings of some kind. The colored rubber on the market is brilliant and very attractive, and what is most surprising is its capacity for growing prettier as it gets wetter. It comes in bright king's blue, American beauty, violet, green, orange—in fact, every color of the rainbow. With this brilliant-colored rubber made up into sashes and caps, and worn with the black taffeta bathing-suits, a smart-looking costume is the result. On a black suit, a girdle, with a stole sash hung over it at one side, of brilliant blue, or violet or brick red, would look very well (Fig. 4). Cut a nine-inch strip and sew the lining to the rubber, just as you would if it were ribbon. The stitches are taken through it, but do not show in the folds.

The variety of flowers that can be worn on the dress or cap is endless. There are violets, poppies, roses, daisies, and, instead of buying new rubber for them, you can make them from old rubber caps and gloves which have sprung a leak, and so are useless for their original purpose. You will have no difficulty in fashioning them, as directions for them are the same as given in our lesson on ribbon flowers.

The violets (Fig. 4—corsage bouquet) are made of circles of purple rubber two inches in diameter. Gather the edge of the circle and sew it to the loop on the end of the wire; then, with three or four

[Concluded on page 74]



Use Tanglefoot This Summer

For Convenience — Tanglefoot needs no preparation. Simply pull the sheets apart and place them on window sills or in strong light. Easiest, quickest way of catching flies.

For Safety — Tanglefoot is non-poisonous. You take great risks when you use poisons in your home. There are enough mistakes made with poison without deliberately putting it in the children's way. And poisons do not kill the germs on the fly. Tanglefoot not only kills the fly, but coats it with a varnish that destroys the germ as well as the fly.

For Sanitary Reasons — Tanglefoot does away with the use of unsanitary, disgusting fly-traps. It is the modern, clean way of killing flies. In 30 years nothing has proved so sure, so safe, so easy to use.

At All Grocers and Druggists — Tanglefoot lasts longer than the no-name kinds sold merely as fly paper or sticky fly-paper, because it contains more sticky compound. Why not get the best when it costs you no more? Ask for genuine Tanglefoot.

MADE ONLY BY

THE O. & W. THUM CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.
A little gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture. [30]

What Woman in Your Town Deserves This Position?

\$1,500 Per Year

One woman in each town—even a small town—can make a big income by simply showing our made-to-measure clothes. The business should pay her, right from the start, \$1,500 per year. No investment is needed.

We have for years made garments to measure for women all over America. Our styles and our fabrics are famous. We guarantee absolute satisfaction. By making tens of thousands of garments we can make them to measure at ready-made prices. Our custom-made suits cost from \$11 to \$30.

We want one woman in every town to represent this house. She will show our styles and samples, and take measurements. She will be the Ladies' Tailor of her town, with a permanent business which grows every year.

No Money Needed

We will supply, without charge, an enormous Style Portfolio. It costs us \$5 per

AMERICAN LADIES' TAILORING CO.
834 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago

(748)

copy. It shows all of the very best styles for Fall in suits, coats and skirts, all in actual colors. It contains 180 big samples of cloth, each an all-wool fabric. We will make to measure any style in any of these cloths, at exceptionally low prices.

This book also pictures 54 styles of ready-made coats, dresses and skirts, all at unusual prices. Also 14 styles of furs. So every woman in your town will want something from this book. And everything is sent on approval.

Who Deserves It?

This means a big-paying business, high-class and permanent. In each town we want just the right woman for it. She ought to easily sell more clothing than any store in town. Please tell us what woman, working part time or all time, will be the right woman to handle this for us. We will start her in a business which should become a big, constant money earner. Write us to-day.

The New Style Edison Phonograph

and your choice of over 1500 records now shipped direct to you on

Free Trial

Yes, try it out right in your own home. Entertain your family and your friends. Send it back at our expense if you don't want to keep it. \$3.00 a month now pays for a genuine Edison Phonograph in the Edison Bottleneck style and without any interest on monthly payments.

Write Today
For Our FREE Edison Book

Tells about the wonderful entertainers. Shows all the machines and records you have to choose from. No obligations in asking for our FREE EDISON BOOK. Write Today—NOW.

F. K. BARSON, Edison Phonograph Dist., 206-Y Edison Block, Chicago



Moth-Proof Cedar Chest

ON FREE TRIAL—NO MONEY DOWN
Size 45x21x20



\$26 \$2 per month
BURROWES RED CEDAR HALL CHEST

Quickly pays for itself by saving storage charges. Protects furs, feathers, fabrics from moths, mice, dust and dampness, and lasts for generations. A unique gift. Handmade of fine red cedar, equitably matched, many other styles—all at low prices. Write for catalog.

The E. T. BURROWES CO., 102 South St., Portland, Me.

CONFIDENCE

Discriminating people have always valued Packer's Tar Soap at its real worth—and their confidence has not been misplaced.

Each ingredient used in the making of the soap is bought on a quality basis. The purest of pine-tar is combined with other cleansing and healing agents in the proportion best adapted to the needs of the scalp and hair.

The claims made for "Packer's" have always been reasonable. We do not say that it will grow hair—Nature alone can do that. But we do claim that its systematic use is of the greatest aid in maintaining the normal growth and health of the hair and thus increasing its beauty, lustre and softness.

**Packer's
CAKE or LIQUID
Tar Soap**

Pure as the Pines

Send 10c for a sample of Packer's Tar Soap, Cake or liquid. We will mail you on request our manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Their Modern Care and Treatment."

THE PACKER MFG. CO.
Suite 86D, 81 Fulton St., New York

Romances of Modern Business

THE American romance is in the large office buildings and the marts of trade; it is the romance of great achievements in commerce, in industrial leadership. And it is a wonderful romance! The child of the world's nation is leading them!—ARNOLD BENNETT.

CHAPTER VI

"The Making of a Cleanly Nation"

It is the privilege of the reporter of current affairs to view in wide perspective the sweep of events. Contemplation of the panorama induces appreciation of what is vital to the furtherance of human welfare.

The writer of this series of stories has been impressed with the far-reaching benefit the public has derived from the periodicals of national circulation. Such publications through their advertising pages alone have contributed abundantly to the progress of the time.

From all parts of the country have come remarkable stories of achievements through national periodical advertising. Many of them are written large in the business annals of the nation. They reflect on economic and intellectual advance. They illustrate the commercial and educational force of magazine advertising.

These narratives have had all the elements of romance. The one here presented appears to this chronicler as dramatic. Its stage is the United States. Its actors are the thousands of people of every-day life. The spectacle unfolded is "the making of a cleanly nation."

A broad statement that! It came from a business official who has taken an active part in this national house-cleaning. And that the words are no empty boast this story would seem to prove.

Forty years ago, in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, a young firm was manufacturing and selling porcelain-enamelled kitchen utensils. The business was not large. But the products were an innovation and appealed to housewives.

The Standard Manufacturing Company thus began its mission of ministering to sanitary advancement. The porcelain enameling as applied to kitchen appliances had proved satisfactory. Members of the firm conceived the idea that the same process might be used successfully on bath-tubs and other sanitary fixtures.

This was only an *idea*. The manufacturers knew the application of an enamel coating to a metal body as large as a bath-tub would be costly and dif-

ficult. But, like all pioneers, they fought their way through handicaps. The story of the development of their *idea* is the story of the success of this significant industry.

Several years of research and experiment ensued. It was not until 1879 that the first tubs made by the Standard Company, under a new process of enameling, were placed on the market. For a considerable time thereafter the output of the concern was only two bath-tubs a day. But little was known of the new products, and this capacity was equal to the demand.

Plumbing fixtures in use at this time were of an unsatisfactory, unsanitary kind. Open plumbing was unheard of thirty-five years ago. Stationary fixtures then were encased in wood work of ornate designs. The housewife of to-day would not countenance them. Nor would they now be tolerated in hospitals or public buildings.

Ten years passed without bringing more than limited recognition to the manufacturers of these sanitary products. Their *idea* had been realized, but few knew of it. Then the company decided that this *idea* was big enough for the entire country to know about. The manufacturers had a vision of a new sanitary era being ushered in through the use of their products.

The people of the country at large first learned of the "Standard Idea" twenty-five years ago. A half-page advertisement appeared in several weekly and monthly periodicals of national circulation. The advertising was neither extensive nor systematic. It embodied no new advertising ideas. But it carried to the public a message, "Health depends on sanitation," this read. And the public, then just awakening to a new consciousness of living problems, became deeply interested. The advertising was started at the psychological moment. It created a great subconscious need of these sanitary products.

Thus was realized the hope of the manufacturers that their fixtures might play an important part in sanitary development. The extensive sale of their products has gone hand-in-hand with

(Concluded on page 73)

The Charm of The Present Styles Is Best Illustrated in the New Summer McCall Book of Fashions

(Issued Quarterly—Summer, Fall, Winter, Spring)



The newest styles, bustle suggestions, wide-hipped gowns, Dutch tunie effects, tiered, ruffled and rippling skirts, shadow-lace ideas, all the latest things that women of refinement and good taste will wear this summer are pictured and described in this beautiful 100-page volume.

In addition there are pages devoted to the newest cotton and silk fabrics, summer millinery, new styles in hair-dressing, fashions in veils, gloves, shoes, parasols, seashore and sport garments, children's clothes and hair-dressing, dancing frocks, school dresses, Paris styles, and all the things about which women want to be told.

Produced by the largest, most complete, accurate and far-reaching organization in the world for gathering style news,

THE NEW SUMMER McCALL BOOK OF FASHIONS

furnishes the distinctive, authoritative, personal help which you need to make your summer wardrobe an assured success.

Filled with an entire season's advance styles

Only 5 Cents

When bought with any 15c McCall Pattern.
By mail 30c with Free Pattern Coupon.

In Canada, 10c when bought with any
15c McCall Pattern.
By mail 35c with Free Pattern Coupon.

THE McCALL COMPANY, New York

SMART BOWS FOR HOME MILLINERS

[Continued from page 71]

stitches, pucker the rubber to make it look like petals. To make the leaves, fashion a paper pattern to suit, and then cut your green rubber from this. When the violets are arranged in a bunch, place the leaves around them, and fasten in place by twisting their bases around the violets' stems with thread wire.

The roses (Fig. 7) are cut from patterns just as are paper roses. A bit of yellow rubber is fastened around the loop end of the wire stem, then the petals are arranged around it and bound with thread wire. Leaves are cut and placed along the stem of the rose. The base of them is wound tight in place, then the whole stem wound with a quarter-inch strip of green rubber.

To make poppies, cut four strips of rubber two and one-half by five inches. Gather, with a continuous thread, three sides of each piece (two short and one long), "cup" the petal and fasten the thread. This gathering-thread ought to be left about seven inches long. Then gather the other long side with a tight thread, drawn as close as possible—this is the base of the petal. Turn a loop at one end of the wire stem, and twist a bit of yellow rubber around this loop for the center of the poppy. Arrange the four petals around the base of this center and wind them with thread wire. Cut a few green leaves and place on stem, then wind stem with strip of green rubber.

If you have a light-colored bathing-suit, simple sprays of green leaves alone will look very well on it. To make these leaves, cut a strip of green rubber two inches long and one-half inch wide. Gather along one of the long sides, throwing most of the fulness towards the apex to slope the leaf. Sew the gathered edge with an overhand stitch over the stem wire, and then gather the base around the stem.

Corsage bouquets are not the only possibilities. A little wreath of tiny flowers fastened around your bathing cap will give it a most festive appearance; and you can fasten a rubber bow on the toe of each slipper in lieu of buckles. Indeed, you will not know your last summer's bathing-suit, once it has the new touches this season's fads make possible.

Editor's Note.—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, if you are puzzling over the making of fetching bows, the proper placing of wings, feathers, or other trimmings, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how. This department will contain, from time to time, clear instructions in every branch of home millinery; while letters submitting special problems will be gladly answered by Mrs. Tobey by mail if stamped envelope is enclosed.



NYAL'S FACE CREAM

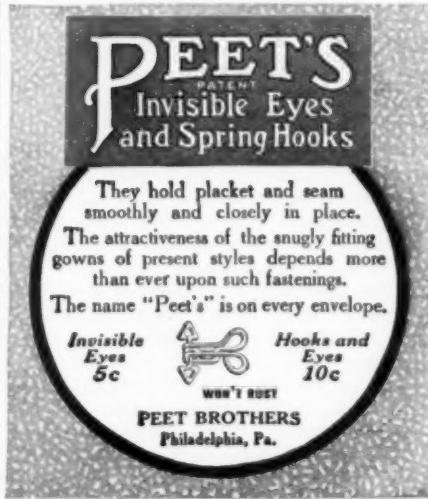
Ideal for freckles, tan and sunburn. A delightful toilet luxury, being both greaseless and disappearing. Does not soil the most delicate fabric. Two sizes, 25 cents and 50 cents.

There are 16,000 of the best druggists in America selling Nyal's Face Cream. There's one of these druggists right near you.

Nyal's Face Cream is sold only by Nyal Druggists. Look for the Nyal trade mark shown above. Whenever you find it, you find a high grade, reliable drug store.

Send 10c (stamps or silver), for valuable book, by an eminent authority on "The Care of the Complexion."

Nyal Co., 1268 Jefferson Av., Detroit, Mich.



They hold placket and seam smoothly and closely in place.

The attractiveness of the snugly fitting gowns of present styles depends more than ever upon such fastenings.

The name "Peet's" is on every envelope.

Invisible Eyes 5c

Hooks and Eyes 10c

WE'LL REUSE
PEET BROTHERS
Philadelphia, Pa.



Nadine Face Powder

(In Green Boxes Only)

Makes The Complexion Beautiful

Producing that soft, velvety freshness so much admired. Money refunded if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless and adheres until washed off. Blends out blemishes; prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users attest its merit and popular tints. Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. By Toilet Counters or Mail, 50c. Dept. M. National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U. S. A.



ROBIN HOOD DISCOVERS HIS SHADOW

[Continued from page 57]

what seemed hours, and still the man wrote on. Finally, Robin Hood looked over the edge of the bench, and there on the floor was his shadow. He barked. Betty held her breath—what would the man do to them? But apparently he had not heard. Then Jinks decided they could get out of the door softly without the man knowing it. But the bench creaked as they moved, and the man lifted his head; and both Jinks and Betty slid back quickly into their places. It would be terrible if the man was angry; he might never let them go.

It grew later and later, and was even getting a little dark, when they heard steps outside, and Mike rushed into the cabin, with Mrs. Ramsay and Mrs. Patterson close behind him.

"Oh, Mother," Betty cried, and threw herself into her arms, while Jinks did the same with his mother, and Robin Hood bumped up against Mike.

"We were so afraid, and he was such a cross man," Betty whispered.

The man was standing up now. "I'm really very sorry, madam. I had forgotten all about the children. I had some writing to finish. I come here every week to be quiet."

Betty saw now that he really had nice eyes. They weren't cross at all!

"I must have seemed like a regular old grampus. Let me make amends by taking you all home in my car. It's just outside."

And so it came about that they had a swift ride home in a real automobile. But Jinks whispered to Betty as they neared home:

"It never would have turned out so well if we had been to blame. Something dreadful would have happened to us. But just because it was Robin Hood and his shadow, it came out all right. Dogs always get off easier."

The Children's Editor Talks to Her Boys and Girls.—Look on page 25, and you will see the Cut-out Lady has planned a canoe for you, just like Betty's. When you have it all cut out and pasted together, you will know how Betty looks when she goes canoeing in her Camp-Fire dress. Wasn't Robin Hood funny about his shadow? Next month he has an even more exciting adventure—you couldn't possibly imagine what it is going to be, if you guessed and guessed and guessed. I am delighted to hear about all the little dogs that are getting named Robin Hood. Wouldn't he be proud if he only knew? But I'm glad you like Mike, too. It wouldn't be fair not to, would it? Letters should be addressed: Miss Reed, The Children's Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th St., New York City.

Your Mother Would Have Chosen It

When you were a baby there were no **Rubens** Shirts. But your mother would surely have given you a **Rubens** had it been possible.

But now see what a **Rubens** gives your baby. A double thickness over chest and abdomen—helping your baby to resist colds. No open laps—no troublesome buttons or draw-strings.

Never too loose or too tight, but snugly adjustable to the growing body. Can you imagine a better baby shirt?

Ask for **Rubens** Shirts and be sure that this label appears on the front. This shirt is our invention, and this whole factory is devoted to its right production. Don't be misled by imitations on a garment so important,



Rubens Shirts For Infants

Sizes for any age from birth. Made in cotton, wool and silk. Also in merino (half wool). Also in silk and wool. Prices run from 25 cents up.

Sold by dry-goods stores, or sold direct where dealers can't supply. Ask us for pictures, sizes and prices, RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc., 2 N. Market St., Chicago

Cornish

Sent To You For A Year's Free Trial

Why Shouldn't You Buy As Low As Any Dealer?

More than 250,000 people have saved from \$100 to \$150 on a high grade piano and from \$25 to \$50 on a first class organ in purchasing by the Cornish plan—and so can you. We offer to send you an instrument, freight paid if you wish, with the understanding that if it is not sweeter and richer in tone and better made than any you can find at one-third more than we ask, you may at any time within a year send it back at our expense, and we will return any sum that you may have paid on it, so that the trial will cost you absolutely nothing,—you and your friends to be the judge and we to find no fault with your decision.



You Choose Your Own Terms

Take Three Years to Pay If Needed. The Cornish Plan, in brief, makes the maker prove his instrument and saves you one-third what other manufacturers of high grade instruments must charge you to protect their dealers and agents.

Let Us Send to You Free the New Cornish Book

It is the most beautiful piano or organ catalog ever published. It shows our latest styles and explains everything you should know before buying any instrument. It shows why you cannot buy any other high grade organ or piano anywhere on earth as low as the Cornish. You should have this important information before making your selection. Write **Cornish Co., Washington, N. J.** for it today and please mention this paper. Established Over 50 Years



REMMERS

PEROXIDE BATH

Let Us Send You Two Trial Cakes FREE

We want you to try this new, luxurious bath soap at our expense. The way it creams on your flesh and cleanses grubby knuckles is wonderful.

A bigger, better, shapelier cake, 10c

Mention your dealer's name and address and we'll send our Gift Cake—enough for three glorious baths—free. If six in family, we'll send two cakes.

REMMERS, - Cincinnati, U. S. A.

We make only fine Toilet Soaps—Never Laundry Soaps



To Have the Best Luck, Always

with jellied desserts, salads and meats or ice cream, ask your grocer for Minute Gelatine. We measure the gelatine in convenient amounts for you, so that all you have to do is to use one envelope (there are 4 to a package) for a pint of jelly. This will always be exactly right.

MINUTE GELATINE

Measured for You

Minute Gelatine dissolves immediately in boiling water or hot milk. The jelly hardens quickly and holds its form unusually well.

We'll send you a sample of Minute Gelatine, together with our

Minute Cook Book, FREE

on receipt of your name and your grocer's.

Minute Tapioca Co., 501 E. Main St., Orange, Mass.

FISH FLAKES
CORNED
CORNED
FISH BALLS CREAMED
FISH
PACKED IN MAINE U.S.A.
BURNHAM & MORRILL

Here's a Real Help for these Hot Days

You will be delighted with

BURNHAM & MORRILL FISH FLAKES

10c—Sizes—15c (Except in far West)
The Best of Codfish Products

SAVES TIME—Ready cooked—instantly available for preparing many dishes.

SAVES TROUBLE—No inconvenience—no soaking—no picking—no boiling.

SAVES MONEY—Nothing but fish—no bones—no waste—no spoilage.

B. & M. Fish Flakes are caught in the deep, cold sea waters. Cleaned—cooked—slightly salted—placed in parchment-lined containers—not a speck of preservative used, other than table salt. Can be used for almost countless ways of preparation, but certainly good for

Codfish Balls, Creamed Fish, Fish Hash, Fish Chowder.

If not at your grocer's, send his name and two-cent stamp for liberal-size sample and book of Recipes—*Good Eating*.

Burnham & Merrill Co., 26 Water St., Portland, Me.

WHIRL-WIND SELLER

AGENTS SELL Guaranteed Aluminum Cooking Utensils. \$100 to \$300 per month easy. From factory to you. Sales course free. Write quick for exclusive territory.

AMERICAN ALUMINUM MFG. CO., Division S-24, Lemont, Ill.



OUR HOUSEKEEPING EXCHANGE

Conducted by HELEN HOPKINS

HOME-MADE MUCILAGE.—Cut the hardened sap from cherry or plum trees, put in wide-mouthed bottles, and cover with water. Cork and set away for a few days until dissolved, when it will be ready for use. This mucilage is good for mending almost anything.—Mrs. F. H. D., Mascoutah, Illinois.

FOR A LEAKY ROOF.—If the tin roof springs a sudden leak, it may be easily mended temporarily in this manner: Wipe the tin quite dry; then, with any paint you may have at hand, paint well over and for a little distance around the leak. Over the top of this press smoothly a piece of cotton cloth, then apply another coat of paint over the cloth. This will last for months.—A. M. S., Baltimore, Maryland.

PATCHING PLASTERING.—Two parts each of sifted coal-ashes and sand and one of wheat flour, mixed with water, make an excellent mortar for patching where the plastering is broken. It becomes as hard as stone and can be put on by hand with very little trouble and expense.—M. E. D., Melrose, Massachusetts.

RUBBER PLANTS.—If the leaves of a rubber plant are sponged once a week with cold water in which a small quantity of sweet milk has been mixed, the plant will present a very healthy and glossy appearance. Use a soft cloth.—Mrs. A. S. H., Wappinger Falls, New York.

BREAKING COCONUTS.—A coconut should be put into the oven and slightly warmed before breaking. Then, if it is given a quick blow on the sharp end, the shell will leave the nut without any further difficulty.—S. F., Rome, Georgia.

KEEPING CANNED STRAWBERRIES RED.—When canning strawberries, if you wish them to keep their original red color, add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to each quart of berries.—E. M. F.

TO KEEP EGGS FROM FALLING.—When whipping eggs, add a pinch of cream of tartar, and they will not fall afterwards.—P. P., Arapahoe, Nebraska.



REMOVING SCORCHED SPOTS.—I have discovered that if a piece of white goods is scorched while ironing it, the discoloration can be immediately removed by rubbing over it a cloth dipped in diluted peroxide.—Mrs. S. C. S., Wadsworth, Ohio.

FRESHENING MATTING.—If you wash matting occasionally with salt water, it will prevent it from becoming dark colored.—Mrs. G. R., Batavia.

A HOUSEHOLD HELP.—Even the neatest housekeeper sometimes suffers from the objectionable bedbug. To exterminate, fill an atomizer with ammonia and spray thoroughly every crack and crevice in the house where they have been. It will burn all eggs, as well. Wipe off corners of mattresses with ammonia and water; keep windows and doors wide open while using. If this treatment should turn varnish white, wipe the white spots with alcohol.—California Subscriber.

TO KILL WEEDS.—If a small can, such as is used to oil a machine, is filled with kerosene, and one drop put at the root of each weed, it will die at once. I have seen a yard in which a weed came up year after year treated this way, and after one treatment there was never any more trouble.—B. C. W., Orange, Virginia.

TO TIGHTEN CORKS.—When bottling grape-juice, catsup, or any liquid, boil the corks to soften them, and while hot, press them into the bottle. When cold, the bottle will be found tightly sealed.—A. M., McPherson, Arkansas.

Editor's Note.—If you have discovered how to do some one thing just a little bit better than your neighbors, let us hear about it. We pay a minimum of twenty-five cents for each available contribution, and fifty cents for such as are one hundred words or more in length. Contributions copied from books or other publications cannot be accepted. No manuscripts can be returned, but those not used and paid for will be destroyed.

MY HUSBAND'S FRIENDS

[Continued from page 27]

myself, or see Fred's side of the question. With a woman, tears have little or no significance, but I waited all the next day for Fred to show signs of allowing me to have my cry out within the shelter of his arms.

If that had happened, it would have been the same old tale—a reconciliation that was only a house of cards to be blown over at any moment. But Fred gave me little attention. And, instead of handing me the money for the household expenses, he placed it beside his plate when he rose from the table.

Yes; he was a paying guest. But, as I picked up the roll of bills after he had gone, the first bit of truth penetrated my self-centered mind. For that amount of money a man might reasonably expect a suite of rooms where he could do as he pleased; entertain whom he liked.

Isn't it queer how one little step in the right direction makes all the rest easy? After I had admitted this to myself, I admitted many other things. But only in my mind! And I felt subtly that nothing but a radical change in my way of treating Fred would convince him of my change of heart. How was I to accomplish it?

At first, I hardly knew. And with the low spirits attendant upon my health, I had not the buoyancy to interpret Fred's quiet aloofness as meaning anything other than dislike of me. God only knows how little heart I had for what I wanted to do—revive that home feeling that he told me I had killed in him. In desperation, I hit upon a plan.

It was a long time since we had had any of our friends at the house for an evening. But by discreet telephoning, I managed to get four of our neighbors' wives to promise to drop in, with their husbands, in the evening. Those I asked were the ones whose husbands Fred particularly liked. And Ted Westcott and his wife I asked to dinner, so as to make it impossible for Fred to abscond. Then, when they had all arrived, I smilingly informed them that this wasn't the usual suburban gathering; it was informality carried to the *nth* power: the men were to have a men's evening in the living-room, and the women a cozy little party in my sitting-room.

"When you get hungry, Fred"—I spoke over my shoulder as we left the men, for I was afraid the anguish would show beneath my smiles—"look in the refrigerator." And, then—I could not be sure, but it seemed as if a quick look flooded forth from him to me.

I suppose it was hard for Fred to realize that a change had taken place in my attitude toward him; that I had begun

[Continued on page 28]

THese incomparable sweets are the most universally popular of all dessert confections. Whether served at dinner, afternoon tea or any social gathering, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are equally delightful and appropriate. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA

Another dessert delight. Wafers of pleasing size and form with a bountiful confectionery filling. Another help to the hostess. In ten-cent tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Easy Payments



Moth Proof

A Monticello Southern Red Cedar Chest keeps your clothes, furs, feathers, woolens, etc., safe from moths, mice, dust and damp. Exquisitely beautiful chests. Delightfully fragrant. Will last for generations. Splendid gift for graduations, birthdays and weddings. 15 days free trial. Easy monthly payments if you decide to keep the Chest. Write today for free catalog showing all the handsome designs.

Free Trial

The Leona Three-in-One Garment

insures more perfect-fitting gowns. It combines corset cover, drawers, and skirt in one dainty, comfortable and convenient suit. See how perfectly and naturally it fits the form, how splendidly it hangs. Cannot wrinkle, bind, nor bunch. Costs less than three separate garments of equal quality. Just the garment for the present fashion. All you need is a Leona — your gown, and you are dressed. It is skillfully tailored from soft English or French nainsook, trimmed with exquisite imported laces and embroideries. Distinctly different and far superior to any other combination suit.

Sold Direct at less than it would cost you to make them. Send \$1.00 and **Waist measurement** for our style, No. 399, and order this beautiful garment at our risk—money back if not pleased. **Leona** stock book, showing all descriptions and prices free. **Agents Wanted in Every Town.** No experience necessary. We will show you how to make money in an easy and pleasant way in your home town. A splendid opportunity to establish a permanent and profitable business without any capital. Most M. made \$30 profit within first month. Many now \$100 worth the first day you started. We could show hundreds more testimonies. Send for particulars.

THE LEONA GARMENT CO.
238 Main St., La Crosse, Wis.

BACK VIEW

Your Baby

Should be Kept Warm with Soft
"Non-Nettle"

WHITE FLANNELS

Teased Flannels cause irritation and suffering. Nettle Flannels are made soft, smooth and long wearing without the rhinoceros teasing process. Therefore, no irritating nettles, no weakening of yarn, and no disappointment after washing. (25¢ to \$1.00 a yd.) We sell direct to mothers. Beware of substitutes and imitations. "Non Nettle" is stamped every half yard on selvage. **We do not sell to dealers.**

Send for Free Sample Case

and receive samples of Flannels, Antiseptic Diaper, Rubber Sheetings, complete lines of Baby White Goods, Dainties, Long Cloth, etc. Also illustrated catalogue showing 50 styles of White Embroidered Flannels, Infants' Outfits (\$5 up), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets, Bassinets, and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the new baby. Also valuable information on how to care for the baby. **No advertising on wrapper.** For 25 CENTS we will include a complete set of modern Paper Patterns for babies' clothes, worth \$1.00 if bought separately. Write at once or save this advertisement.

The Lamson Bros. Co., 342 Summit St., Toledo, O.

AGENTS A Big Seller

Screen Door CHECK

Splendid summer seller. Stops the bang and saves the door. Easy Sales. Big Profits. Big demand. A sale in every home. Dozen can be carried in pocket. Demonstrating sample free to workers.

THOMAS MFG. CO., 1402 Rome St., DAYTON, OHIO



LOW-PRICED
Easy Sales. Big Profits

MY HUSBAND'S FRIENDS

[Continued from page 77]

to glimpse his side which I had heretofore so completely disregarded. For he made not a single comment on the unusual fact that I had invited these friends without saying a word to him.

The following evening I had his grandmother there to dinner. Fred and she were great chums, and her very presence exhaled a sort of pervasive home feeling. And, then, she had the dearest kind of a way with her, at times, of treating him as if he were thirteen instead of thirty. And, after dinner, when she made him lie on the couch and talk to her, he certainly looked at home, even if he did not feel so. Even I forgot our estrangement under the thawing process of Grandmother's merry tongue.

That is, I did not forget it altogether—but somewhat. The tension seemed less severe that held my heartache. And just as she was going, she said to me:

"I've begun on little saucers, Clare, and booties, for I mean to take my time and make them lovely. By the way, I hope my boy is treating you just as beautifully as he knows how. If he doesn't, let me know."

A laughing threat it was, but I had to bend blindly over some books on the table. "What would you do to him?" I parried with a small laugh.

"Disown him!" She bit off the words as if they were a piece of thread.

I kissed her. "Thanks," I answered softly; "but he's far better to me than I deserve." Then I said: "I'm going to walk back with you instead of Fred; he looks too comfortable to disturb. Besides, I want to see what you have done."

It was fully two hours later before I returned, although Grandmother lived but three doors away. My delay was intentional. I wanted to give Fred a chance to forget what Grandmother had called to mind, to go out if he cared to, or to bed. In fact, I did not want him there when I got back, for the very good reason that I did not care to have the pity that might remain like crumbs from the feast of love. That was the one thing I could not do, use my coming motherhood to soften his heart toward me.

So I concluded he had gone out when I saw only a light in the hall as I came up the garden-path. But I was amazed, astounded, to hear his voice from the dark living-room when I entered.

"Was just going after you. Got a frightful headache that keeps getting worse. Been lying here in the dark."

"That's too bad." I looked into the room. By the light from the hall I could see him dimly on the couch. "I'll get you one of my powders. They helped you once before."

[Concluded on page 79]

HAIR ON FACE NECK AND ARMS INSTANTLY REMOVED WITHOUT INJURY TO THE MOST DELICATE SKIN

IN COMPOUNDING an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. **It Cannot Fail.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

*Modene supersedes Electrolysis
Used by people of refinement and recommended by all who have tested its merits.*

Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases (securely sealed) on receipt of \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter with your full address written plainly. Postage stamps taken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED

MODENE MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 89, Cincinnati, Ohio

Every Bottle Guaranteed

• We Offer \$1000 for failure or the Slightest Injury

Delivered to You FREE on Approval and 30 days Trial



SEND NO MONEY but write today for our big 1914 catalog of "Ranger" Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so low they will astonish you. Also particulars of our great new offer to deliver you a **Ranger** Bicycle on **one month's free trial** without a cent expense to you.

BOYS you can make money taking orders for bicycles, tires, lamps, sundries, etc. from our big hand-some catalog. **It's free.** It contains "combination offers" for re-fitting your old bicycle like new at very low cost. Also much useful bicycle information. Send for it.

LOW FACTORY PRICES offer such values and such terms. You cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without first learning what we can offer you. **Write now.**
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B, 26 CHICAGO, ILL.

It's No Joke To Be Deaf

—Every Deaf Person Knows That.
I MAKE MYSELF HEAR

After being deaf for 25 years with these Artificial Ear Drums, I wear them now and am perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make myself hear. Address:

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co.
Pat. Nov. 3, 1908
13 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

Reduce Your Flesh
LET ME SEND YOU "AUTO MASSEUR" ON A
40 DAY FREE TRIAL BOTH SEXES

So confident am I that simply wearing it will permanently remove all superfluous flesh that I mail it free, without deposit. When you see your shapeless speedily returning I know you will buy it. Try it at my expense. Write to-day.

PROF. BURNS 15 West 88th Street Dept. 30, New York

FREE OIL

Generous sample "3-in-One" for your sewing-machine, oils perfectly, won't gum, collect dust, turn rancid; lasts long, free from acid. Write **3-IN-1 OIL CO., 42 DG. Bdwy., N.Y.**

Excessive Perspiration

What causes it— How to correct it

Profuse perspiration of the armpits, feet, etc., is an unnatural condition, caused by nervous over-stimulation of the sweat glands.

To correct this condition, get ODO-RO-NO, the toilet water for excessive perspiration. One application leaves the parts daintily clean, odorless and dry, making dress shields unnecessary. Unscented and harmless. 25c and 50c bottles at all drug and department stores, or direct from us prepaid.

Write Today for Sample

Send 6c in stamps and your dealer's name for sample bottle. THE ODORONO CO., 451 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.

ODO-RO-NO

The Toilet Water for Excessive Perspiration



LET US SEND YOU THIS SWITCH

ON APPROVAL or any other article you may select from our large new Beauty Book and Catalog illustrating all the newest

Paris Fashions in Hair Dressings

at guaranteed lowest prices. Because prices mean nothing apart from quality, we sell on approval—no pay unless satisfied. These selections are of splendid quality to match any ordinary shade.

Straight Switches	Wavy Switches
1 1/4 oz. 18 in. \$0.85	20 in. . \$1.45
2 oz. 20 in. 1.25	22 in. . 2.45
2 oz. 22 in. 1.75	26 in. . 4.95
2 1/4 oz. 24 in. 2.75	30 in. . 7.65

Triple Wavy Switch, 22 in. . \$3.45

Triple Wavy Switch, 24 in. . 4.95

Other sizes and grades . 50c to \$50.00

Natural Curly Pompadour . 2.95

Cornet/Braid, 3 oz., Wavy . 3.95

Wigs, Ladies' and Men's, \$15 to \$50.00

Send long sample of your hair and describe what you want. We will send prepaid ON APPROVAL. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the price. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades cost a little more; ask for estimate. Write for our NEW HAIR BOOK TODAY.

PARIS FASHION CO., Dept. 47, 209 State St., Chicago

Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World

DAISY FLY KILLER



placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or stain anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 sent by express prepaid for \$1.

HAROLD SOMERS

150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

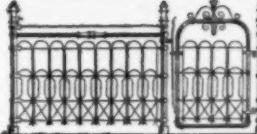
Dwiggins Last Longer Fences

Cost Less

Greatest values ever offered in fences and gates for lawn and cemetery, farm, field, etc. Write today for Free Catalog and price list.

Dwiggins Wire Fence Co., 238 Dwiggins Ave., Anderson, Ind.

100 ANNOUNCEMENTS
or INVITATIONS \$3.
Two Envelopes for each. Postpaid.
100 Engraved Calling Cards. \$1.00.
Birth Announcements, 25¢ doz. Write for
samples and forms. Royal Engraving Co. 15 S. 9th St., Phila., Pa.



MY HUSBAND'S FRIENDS

[Continued from page 78]

It was nice to be ministering to him. I moved about in the darkness. I did not say very much. There seemed to be no need of words, and, after I had given him the first powder, I went outdoors and sat on the porch until it was time for the next. But, this time, after he had returned the glass with the water, I said, with determined cheerfulness:

"I've done about all that I would do for a guest, Fred, but"—and to my dismay I choked a little—"but my husband used to get me to massage his head when—he felt this way."

"Clare!" His hand shot out, tumbling the glass from mine. But we did not notice that.

"Fred!" I dropped to my knees before the couch.

It is amazing, when you come to think of it, how at a crisis like this the very mention of a beloved one's name conveys a whole unspoken volume of thoughts. For a minute our hands just clasped and clung. Then I said, with a hush in my voice:

"Fred, I've done wrong, and—and I'm sorry. But I want to do right. Please help me, show me—please!"

"Oh, my girl!" was all that Fred said at the moment, but his voice was like the arm he put about me. And those arms were my home. I guess he felt, too, as we sat there in the darkness, and I gently massaged his neck and head, that he was at home. And quietly we talked things over.

But it was not the talking over matters that worked the change, but a steady determination on my part not to allow myself to slip into my old autocratic ways again. And now, when I look about me and see how really united we are, not only through the bonds our children have formed, but through a sort of spiritual good-fellowship, I feel like adding something to what Fred vaguely suggested this morning:

"A perfect marriage may be an impossible state, but some can be made to seem so absolutely perfect you can't imagine them better."

INCOMPLETE ADDRESSES

In addressing any of our departments, care should be taken to enclose full name and address. We have a number of letters on hand which bear no town or state, and in one instance several letters from the same subscriber. The editor of the department she addressed would be only too happy to answer her inquiries, but not one of the letters gives the slightest clue to her address. State, town, street, and number should be written plainly in pen and ink on every communication.

Why do you coddle Corns?

Why soak them and pare them? It brings only brief relief.

Blue-jay will stop the pain instantly. It will end the corn completely, and in 48 hours. It is doing that to a million corns a month.

The chemist who invented Blue-jay solved the whole corn problem.

Apply it, and the corn is forgotten. It will never pain again. Gently the Blue-jay then loosens the corn, and in two days the corn comes out.

No pain, no soreness, no annoyance. And that corn will never need treatment again.

Old-time methods will not do this. Let no one claim they will. But Blue-jay does it, and has done it for sixty million corns.

Prove this to-night.

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

"MOTHER TRIED IT."

"I received the box of powder and mother tried it and was so well pleased with it that she decided to keep it for herself. Of course I must have a box, too, so I enclose herewith 50c. Wishing you much success with your powder, as it is by far the best I have ever used."

Miss _____
Catonville, Md.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. E
136 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



DeBevoise

Guaranteed Moisture-Proof Dress-Shield Brassieres

Ideal for summer and dancing. The Shields can't slip or roll up—can be had in flesh-color or white—practically invisible—easily removed and replaced—always ready. End the bother and expense of attaching Shields to every gown and blouse you wear.

The Brassiere gives your figure just the degree of firmness and support demanded by refinement and hygiene—the graceful contour of the "natural figure" with no stiffness or restraint. Presents a charmingly dainty appearance through diaphanous gowns, making underbodice unnecessary. Cool, comfortable, convenient, economical. 16 styles—hooked front—\$1 to \$4.50. Net, nainsook, crepe de chine, all-over lace or embroidery, etc.

Write us today for Illustrated Style Book

CHAS. R. DE BEVOISE CO., 1270-G Broadway, N.Y.C.

200 other **DE BEVOISE**
styles for every figure
and occasion—50c to
\$15. At all good stores.

Bandau-, Decollete-,
and Underbodice-
Brassieres, Hooked-
fronts, Cross-over-
backs, Bust-
girdles, etc.

Ask your
dealer for the
"debb-e-voice"

Look for this label
Decline substitutes

DeBevoise
Brassiere



Shields
stitched
in net
sleeves

No. 1258
\$1.50

THE LITTLE ONE

THE LABEL THAT GUARANTEES

THE ONE
TRADE MARK

Wear - Fit - Style
in
CHILDREN'S ROMPERS
6 Months to 6 Years
BOYS' BLOUSES
6 Years to 14 Years
GIRLS' MIDDY WAISTS
6 Years to 14 Years
Sold at 50 Cents
At Most Every Store Catalogue on Request

WISE BROTHERS
64 Leonard Street, New York City

Trained Nurses

Send 20c in stamps today for a specimen copy of THE NURSE, a real journal of scientific nursing methods. Discussions of nursing problems; bedside stories of nursing experiences. Richly illustrated. The NURSE PUB. CO., Jamestown, N.Y.



THE FIRST FLYLESS CITY

[Continued from page 19]

up their premises, either through neglect or sheer indifference. And here, again, as you shall see, the boys and girls of the Junior Sanitary Police were employed to spur the apathetic merchant into action.

Preliminary to establishing a system of inspection of the sanitary conditions of the business section by the juvenile anti-fly squads, Dr. Dawson sent the following appeal to the merchants of Cleveland:

As a business man, you are doubtless aware that the people are keenly alive to the fact that flies are dangerous when they are allowed to crawl on food, and for this reason people are seeking to trade with markets, bake-shops, restaurants, groceries, and milk-depots that are flyless.

Will you follow the hints given below, and thereby increase your business, and, at the same time, help to make Cleveland a safer place in which to live?

Will you set traps in your yard back of your store, so as to catch the fly on its way from its breeding-place? One man should be made responsible for the care of the traps, and should keep them baited with bread and milk, vinegar, and sugar, or beer and bread daily. Flies are thirsty, and if the bait is allowed to dry the trap becomes useless.

Will you start the day with a flyless store? Provide your clerks with a "swatter" or some kind of a fly-catcher, and let them feel that you depend upon each one of them to keep a flyless store. Perhaps a slight increase in salary might be offered to the clerical force for success in abolishing the fly; anyway, it will pay you to be able to advertise a flyless store this summer.

Will you fight flies by seeing that their breeding-places are cleaned at least once a week, within a radius of five hundred yards about your place of business? If for any reason the presence of manure and other filth must be tolerated in a neighborhood for more than a week, it should be sprinkled with a solution of copperas to kill the fly maggots. Perhaps this might be managed through a Neighborhood Improvement Association.

Will you cooperate with the women and children who are organized to fight filth and flies? Will you join the other merchants of the school district in which you are doing business in buying a silver trophy cup for the school, if the children do faithful work during the summer? These are the children of your patrons who have been instructed to tell their parents which stores are kept free from flies.

If after trying these hints, you do not succeed in keeping a flyless store this summer, we shall be pleased to give your store personal attention free of charge.

Very faithfully yours,
(Signed) JEAN DAWSON,
Director.

Although the last paragraph may not have been either a threat or a promise, nevertheless, every store in the city was given "personal attention", not only "free of charge" but without request—also without the formality of "by your leave". Some of the merchants chafed under this gratuitous espionage, but they were inspected just the same. And the methods employed were such that inspection could not easily have been prevented.

A squad of schoolboys refused admission to "behind-the-scenes" conditions in the rear of a store would squeeze through a breach in the back fence, or

scale it, or, failing that, get a knot-hole view of long-stored refuse, for, only where such things existed, would there be reason to bar these juvenile inspectors.

It was not until after the close of the swatting season, ending the latter part of May, that the schoolboys, as Junior Police, took up the active work of sanitary inspection proper. In this, they were assisted by the girls, organized as Sanitary Aides. In their work, the Junior Police and their Aides were instructed by and under the personal direction of young college women and normal-school girls of the city. For their services during July and August these young women were paid \$150 each. Funds for this purpose were raised by the teachers and pupils of the various schools, supplemented by an appropriation of two thousand dollars later made by the city.

The boys operated in squads—each school in its own district. They were on the lookout for every sort of fly-breeding material, whether in the open or in the odd corners and out-of-the-way places. A separate slip was used to record the condition of each place inspected; these reports being turned in either at headquarters or to the Board of Health.

Many merchants and householders who replied "Yes" to their question, "Are your premises clean?" were much put out to learn, after a nook-and-cranny inspection made forthwith by the boys, that their premises were not clean at all.

If any such premises were not promptly cleaned up on request, the boys of the Sanitary Police, ably assisted by a force of two thousand Boy Scouts, immediately started in on the job and themselves cleaned up in short order. These incidents were so frequent that a new law, suggested by Dr. Dawson, was enacted, to take effect July first. Thereafter, such offenders were subject to a heavy fine for maintaining a public nuisance, and were also assessed the expense of cleaning up, and disinfecting their premises. Following that, the boys had little cleaning up to do. A warning notice always got quick action.

Aside from the general cleaning up required by the new ordinance, it was provided that all garbage, pending removal, must be placed in water-tight bottomed containers, having insect-proof covers, and that all stable and other decaying refuse, held for the specified limit of seventy-two hours, must be stored in moisture—and vermin-proof boxes or bins made of brick or concrete, or of grooved boards, the latter to have a concrete bottom and cement coating inside.

Nearby farmers were under contract to remove stable refuse at stated inter-

[Concluded on page 81]

THE FIRST FLYLESS CITY

[Continued from page 80]

vals, but their teams being busy at home during the summer, they ruthlessly broke their contracts, and it was difficult to enforce the seventy-two-hour limit because of the long hauls to suburban dumps. This summer, however, numerous loading stations have been established on the various switching tracks throughout the city, and the street-cleaning department loads and ships the refuse, selling it for sufficient to cover cost of removal.

Before the campaign had far advanced, the householder was thoroughly into the spirit of the game. Cleveland homes were practically cleaned of flies, and the premises of breeding material. It remained only to look after conditions in the business districts.

While the boys policed the city to secure the enforcement of sanitary regulations, the girls, working in pairs, kept close tabs on the status of the fly population in every section of the city. Systematically covering the streets assigned to them, the girls entered a store, market, butcher-shop, restaurant, ice-cream parlor, or other place of business, and made a note on a report-slip of the number of flies counted in three minutes' time. Many places, even restaurants, were found to be actually flyless. If more than three flies were observed in three minutes, the manager was requested to allow the employees to stop work and kill the flies. Those not having traps were asked to provide them. The report-slips were turned into headquarters, and a weekly compilation of these showed an increasing ratio of decrease in numbers as the season advanced.

Even in the commission-house district and among the market places, ordinarily a fly's paradise, flies were almost a minus quantity until the middle of July, when the new supply from the spring breeding months began to appear. The campaigners, however, immediately supplied traps and set poison dishes, and from the first part of August, the cleaning-up of refuse became so thorough that there were no places for them to breed. From then to the latter part of September, the very height of the fly season, the flies practically disappeared in this district which, from congestion and poor housing conditions, was the worst fly section of the city.

The really wonderful results accomplished by Dr. Dawson's Clean-up Campaign, which made Cleveland practically a flyless city last year, insures the support of the merchants, business people and citizens generally for the even more comprehensive campaign planned, and being carried out for this year. And what Dr. Dawson has done for Cleveland, others can do for their own cities and towns throughout the country.

This advertisement was written by 13 physicians, nurses and mothers

Following are extracts from a few of many letters praising Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder and describing its unique value in the care of babies and young children. All these extracts are given in the exact language of the writers.

- * For the comfort of babies, Mennen's is a heavenly gift.
- ** Best of all powders to prevent chafing, and scalding is entirely overcome by it.
- * It is sterile, bland, non-irritating and well-proportioned.
- ** I do not think these babies would have lived if it had not been for Mennen's (eczema).
- * During my twelve years' practice I never found any other Talcum Powder so satisfactory (maternity cases).
- ** This powder I used for umbilicus dressing for eight years with the finest results.
- * I prefer it to any other powder for chafing, abrasions, prickly heat, and irritations caused by teething in infants.
- ** I began to use this powder while doing maternity cases in a Buffalo hospital. I never had one case where the baby became sore and chafed.
- *** I keep baby well dusted with Mennen's in the arm pits, under the chin, behind the ears and all such places to prevent cracking of the tender skin.
- * Since my success with Mennen's, I have advised mothers to use no other powder.
- One star (*) indicates physicians. Two stars (**) indicates nurses. Three stars (***) indicates mothers.

The letters from which the above excerpts are taken, together with hundreds of others equally commendatory, are on file in our offices, where they may be seen by any interested person. Use Mennen's for your children, and for every other purpose for which a smooth, dainty, refined, talcum powder is needed.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

For sale everywhere, 25 cents, or by mail postpaid. Sample postpaid for 4 cents. State whether you wish the Violet Scented or the Borated. Address Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

Boys! Do you want this dandy Bicycle?

This is not a Prize Contest. Every boy can earn this high-grade Bicycle for very little effort during spare time.

*Send a Postal Card for Free Particulars
"The Bicycle Man"*

THE McCALL COMPANY, 236 W. 37th St., New York City

Prophy-lactic
Teeth Brush

Brush your Teeth this Way!!!

Not This Way ==

SWEeper-VAC.

Original and Only
3 in 1 Vacuum Carpet Sweeper
in the World

Purchase no cleaner unless it can actually show the three forms illustrated in the triangle below.

A liberal allowance made on your out-of-date machines.

Do not spend one cent on out-of-date sweepers or for rug cleaning when you can get a Free trial of the Sweeper-Vac in your home.



Write for our Special Selling Plan, and literature showing what this Wonderful 3 in 1 Sweeper-Vac will do.

Easy running. No electricity required. Costs less than the price of having a few rugs beaten. Removes from a cup to a quart of solid dirt from an already beaten rug.

THINK OF THE CONTINUAL SAVING!!!

Refuse imitations.
Send your name and the one word "Sweeper-Vac" on a postal card. We will do the rest.

PNEUVAC COMPANY
57 Temple Place - Boston, Mass.



"Look for this Lever"

By this patented device you will know the safe, reliable Florence Oil Stoves. The heat is regulated by turning this lever. The oil supply is automatic.

FLORENCE Oil Cook Stoves

"Look for the Lever"

These stoves have no wicks to trim—no valves to leak. They are simple, dependable, economical—costing about one-half cent an hour per burner. Give more heat for oil consumed—yet do not overheat the kitchen. From \$5.00 up. All fully guaranteed. Ask your dealer.

Let Us Send You These

FREE—an unusual and interesting recipe book, "The Household Helper"—also, a Toy Stove for the children—harmless—can't be lighted—looks like the big Florence Oil Stoves—only 10c stamp. Write for one or both today, giving dealer's name.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.
Boston, Mass. Address Dept. 36, Gardner, Mass.



PARROTS Make most cheerful, fascinating family pets. An interesting and amusing study. Send us \$5.00 for select young parrot guaranteed to learn to talk. Living arrival guaranteed. We can ship about July 1. Order catalogues \$1.00 and up. Prices higher after Sept. 1st. Full instructions and written guarantee with each bird. Complete Parrot Book 25c. Beautiful catalog FREE.
IOWA BIRD CO., Dept. H DES MOINES, IOWA

ON THE BOARD-WALK

[Continued from page 9]

That very afternoon he packed up to go to town and work. But the unexpected arrival of his doctor, who was also his friend, prevented it. So, while he inwardly chafed at the circumstances that held him there, he tried to appear as delighted as he would otherwise have been had not the world suddenly seemed depleted of all joy. But he could not altogether disguise his moodiness from eyes trained to observe.

"What's the trouble?" asked the doctor at the end of the third day, when, sitting on the veranda of their hotel, he had futilely tried to interest the other in the passing show.

"Don't ask me that! You're the doctor!" laughed Forbes, in a mighty effort to be companionable.

His friend eyed him sharply. "That's all right. You're better than when you left town, but—Look here, I'm not a healer of souls. If you were any one else, I'd say you were in—"

He stopped short. Not because he saw the sudden flush that appeared beneath the tanned skin of Forbes, for he was not looking at him. Directly in front of them, some one was bowing—bowing at them. Even the doctor's gaze was held by the vision.

Forbes thought the heart beneath his blue serge coat would burst its bounds. It couldn't be!—yet it was—she. When he had fully taken in the unexpected wonder of that, he made a hasty excuse; and if the doctor was watching, he must have noted the unconventional rush with which they met and clasped hands.

With heightened color, Annette met the question in the eyes that searched her face. "I've come back to sulk some more," she explained. "Besides, I find it ever so much pleasanter to be Annette Spalding than Annette VanCleop."

The man said nothing. But, after their hands had dropped apart, he continued to look at her until, laughing, she moved tremulously.

"Perhaps you ought to go back to your friend."

"Perhaps I ought," he said gravely, in a manner much like that of their first meeting. "But I'm not going."

And so they walked, as if by mutual consent, on and on. And the girl kept up a conversation that required only monosyllabic answers until they reached the sand-bar that held a memory for both. While they walked his light-headedness had given way to realization. She was the daughter of Cornelius VanCleop!

As they seated themselves, Annette, for the first time, turned thoughtful eyes upon him, as if she had not dared to before, as if she had been unconsciously

[Concluded on page 83]

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

FINEST QUALITY

LARGEST VARIETY



"GILT EDGE," the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains oil. Blacks, Polishes and Preserves ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing, 25c. "FRENCH GLOSS," 10c.

"STAR" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "DANDY" size, 25c.

"QUICK WHITE" in liquid form with sponge quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes, 10c and 25c.

"ALBO" cleans and whitens BUCK, NUBUCK, SUÈDE, and CANVAS SHOES. In round white cake packed in zinc boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for full size package, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.,
20-26 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

Summer Ironing Made Cool and Easy

No hot stove; no tiresome walking back or forth; no bothersome wires or cords.

Iron outdoors, if you will. The



Imperial Self-Heating Flat Iron

produces an elegant finish with a saving of half the time and labor. Heated by gasoline or denatured alcohol, 5 hours gasoline heat for 1 cent. Cook a meal on it while outting. Insist on an Imperial Self-Heating Flat Iron. Popular priced and guaranteed. Sold on

10 Days' FREE Trial
Write for free booklet "Ironing Comfort."

Imperial Brass Manufacturing Co.
Dept. 517, 1210 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS \$50 a Week

Combination Tea-kettle and Cooker

Wonderful seller. Used separately or together. 3 utensils for the price of one. Pure Aluminum—Low Price. D. E. Chambers averaging \$11 profit a day. E. G. Limprecht made 8 sales out of 9 calls. Biggest best line ever offered. Guaranteed for 25 years. Special aluminum catalog with full size cuts. Write for catalog, terms and territory if you mean business. THOMAS MFG. CO. 1602 Name St., Dayton, O.



WANTED

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

You can write them. We teach you. \$25 to \$200 for each play. Free Book A. M. P. Schools. 631 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

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**This 36-Page Book
Will Prove a Surprise
and a Delight to Every
Woman and Every Girl**

This book describes and illustrates a hundred things every woman wants for herself, her children, or her home, and it tells you how to get them without one cent of cost. Rugs, Hammocks, Parasols, Silk Gloves, Stockings, Manicure and Toilet Sets, Clocks, Bags, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Breakfast Sets, Watches, Cameras, Fountain Pens, Dolls, LaVallieres, Kitchen Outfits, Sewing and Embroidery Outfits—almost anything one could ask for you will find in this valuable 36-page Premium Book which we send to anyone FREE on request.

Don't bother to write a letter—simply send a postal card at once to . . .

THE McCALL COMPANY
236 West 37th Street • New York City

Earn Vacation Money

If you want \$10.00 or \$25.00 or \$50.00 Summer Vacation Money, we will show you how to earn it easily by getting subscriptions for McCall's Magazine. Very liberal pay for very little effort. For free particulars address

"Summer Vacation Offer"
—care of—

THE McCALL COMPANY
236 West 37th St. New York City

ON THE BOARD-WALK

[Continued from page 82]

waiting for something that would justify her to herself. And she must have found it, for she let down the barriers of her girl reserve the next moment and, with exquisite surrender, slipped her hand into his.

"Well?" she queried with a sigh so deep as to discredit its face value. And, then, softly: "Was it the moon, after all?"

"You know it was not!" He clipped the words in that way a man has when for the moment he is saying all that he is able. "But—well, you're Cornelius VanCleop's daughter."

"Yes,"—another sigh, but this one, all serious—"it is a nuisance, isn't it?"

"Nuisance!" He looked at her in quick surprise. His voice was still choppy. "I'd take a nuisance by the neck and throttle it. The fact is something that can't be climbed over, tunneled through, or crept around."

For a moment she held her breath; then she said softly: "Yet men have tried—oh, any number!"

Her eyes fell before the sudden incredulous light that flooded his face; then she added: "It—it was really—in those cases—the accessory to the fact who made the—thefeat impossible."

Still with that great light of wonder and disbelief on his face, the man bent nearer.

"What are you saying?" he challenged gravely. "Do you know what you have seemed to say? Do you really mean me to infer—"

He stopped, arrested by the look he found in the eyes that rested on his, tender, with just a touch of railery in them. Then his heart rushed to his lips.

"Do you really mean it? Oh, my dear! Careful, now! I'm going to kiss you! And if I do—if I do, I'll never in God's world give you up!"

And Annette—With an adorable little movement, she turned up her face to his.

PUTTING ON BUTTONS

By LUCY LEE

If the tongues of old white or tan shoes are not too much worn, remove them, cut into disks about the size of a silver quarter, and keep in a small box. When a button is needed on a child's garment which is subject to much strain, place one of these disks of leather on inside of garment, where button is to go. Tack securely in place; then sew button on in usual way, always putting knot of thread between button and cloth, to prevent pulling through. Wind thread around neck of button, to strengthen the sewing. Buttons thus sewed on never drag a hole in the material.

Always Keep **Sani-Flush** on hand

and you'll be rid of your most disagreeable household task. **Sani-Flush** cleans closet bowls like new without a brush, without using your hands. It won't hurt the plumbing connections, won't craze the bowl. Acts quickly, surely, easily.

Sani-Flush

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The Hygienic Products Co.
440 Walnut Street,
Canton, Ohio.



The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.
For enclosed 25c (30c in Canada) and the name
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By Day or Artificial Light
Nature intended you to always retain
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CARMEN Complexion POWDER

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so fine that it can be applied without a mirror—without
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Purse size box and mirror containing two or three
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W. WALLACE NEWCOMB, Business Manager.

Swear to and subscribed before me this 4th day of May, 1914. HARRY E. FRENCH, Notary Public, Kings County, No. 15. Certificate filed in New York County, New York, No. 13. My commission expires March 30, 1916.



My Success in Selling Rose Beads

By A CALIFORNIA WOMAN

A Department of Home Money-Making Methods

GATHERING petals from my rose garden was formerly a pleasant task, with no object in view other than the filling of a potpourri jar or a dainty cushion. My neighbors and everybody's neighbors had rose gardens, as is the way with us in California, so the commercial value of the flower offered no possibilities for home money-making. But happening to learn how to make beads of rose petals, I soon found this a real asset.

At first, of course, I had made the beads for the pleasure of having them, or giving them to friends. I was especially successful with them, and with each new lot found ways of improving them, until my wonderful luck made me quite enthusiastic upon the subject. It so happened that I gave a pretty string of the beads to a dear old lady, and very soon afterwards she wore them to a great reunion of the G. A. R. This string of beads attracted the attention of so many of her friends that she came to me with the suggestion that I make some for sale. I was delighted with the opportunity, as the strain on the family purse needed relief, and I eagerly invited whatever patronage she might obtain for me.

Very soon I received four orders and supplied four chains, each having sixty rose beads, with small metal beads alternating. I sold these chains for a dollar each. This seemed to establish a business, for other customers followed, and before long I had made and sold seventy-four strings of rose beads, with a cash expenditure of but one dollar for the small beads used for trimming. A longer strand, having an agate pendant, I sold for \$1.50, and for lorgnette chains I received \$2.50. At Christmas time I had orders amounting to \$10.50, and at the end of three months my sales had totaled \$94.50, with an outlay of \$2.85 for trimmings and flax for stringing; this gave me \$94.65 for my time and work.

To make the beads, I put through a meat-grinder, nine times, four quarts of petals and a broken-up piece of copperas the size of a large pea. This requires about two hours, and the petals are reduced to a mass nearly as fine-grained as butter, and having a nice dark color. The finished beads are nearly black and have a pleasant perfume.

I let this petal paste stand in glass jars till I am ready to make beads. An hour is sufficient time to roll seventy beads, and I never try to do more at a sitting. I roll a lump of paste just twice the size of that desired for the bead, in the palms of my hands until round. Half this bulk is allowed for shrinkage in drying. I place these little balls on plates to dry until morning, when I roll them again, this time on a plate to obtain a perfectly smooth surface. The longer they are rolled this second morning the better the result, as it makes them shrink evenly. I usually spend about an hour and a half.

I set away the balls till evening or the following morning, taking care not to let them become too hard before repeating the rolling and inserting a pin in each to form the eye of the bead. I stick the pins upright in a board, with the beads upon them, and let dry hard before removing; then string on a double thread, and put in a small cloth bag to rub and polish till bright. It requires four or five hours to polish properly; but this can be done at odd moments, so that the time is not missed. When polished, I let them stand in olive oil for thirty-six hours, then hang in the sun till dry, and rub again. They are then ready to be restrung and worn.

Patience and perseverance are the most necessary requisites for making these beads. Any one living in a climate where roses bloom can gather petals and dry them, and by dampening a quantity overnight in winter, can make into paste, and employ the long evenings in making up the beads.

Customers seem to give my beads the advertising needed to promote their sale sufficiently to give me a small regular income from them. Many have been sold to tourists, and a number of strands have been sent to foreign lands—three chains went to Denmark and three to fair Japan. Any woman not finding ready sale for her beads could advertise.

Editor's Note.—Do you want to earn money at home? And would you like some suggestions or advice? Write to Betty Grant Gordon, our Home Money-Making Editor, McCall's Magazine, New York City, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, and tell her your capabilities; she will be glad to advise you.



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